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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 10: 1900

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Vol. XLIV. No. 2290

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THE DIVISION OF LOOT AT TU-LIU, SEPTEMBER 11, 1900.

The Building on the Left is the Pawn-Shop. In the Inner Court, under the Superintendence of General Dorward, Loot was divided among the British Officers. The Hindoo Soldiers and Servants are waiting outside to carry away the Booty of their Masters.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900

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The Dawn of Peace

THE strife of the campaign is over, and the American people may now settle down to a period of peace, which, if we may judge the feelings of others by our own, must be a welcome relief. We have been going through a steady period of nervousness and stress for at least three years without surcease. From the moment of the destruction of the *Maine*, in February, 1898, until to-day, there has been a succession of disturbing events of world-wide significance that has served to keep the public nerves strained to a point of almost unbearable tension. The Spanish war, in which we were directly involved; the conflict in the Transvaal, in which our sympathies were enlisted in such fashion as to make the expression of them an embarrassment, since they went out in fullest measure to both parties to the deplorable quarrel; the excitements of the Chinese mix-up, which in the early part of the summer filled the whole world with horror and dismay—these things followed by a political battle within our own borders have served to keep us keyed up a little too tightly for our comfort; and finally to reach a moment when we may read our daily papers without apprehension, and may go about our daily toil without becoming embroiled in a bitter political controversy with our fellow-men, is as delightful as it has become novel.

It is particularly gratifying to the WEEKLY that the Presidential campaign has been brought to a close. Controversy may be good for the soul, but it is wearing on the constitution, and, in all candor, we should much prefer in the public expression of our opinions to be governed by our admirations rather than by our disgusts, as Dr. VAN DYKE urges all men to do in his exquisite little prose poem, "The Foot-Path to Peace." It is not at all a grateful task to expend one's energies in the discovery and pointing out of the weaknesses of a man or of a party, to be constantly indulging in philippics against a political creed with which one is not at all in sympathy, and now that the necessity for so doing no longer exists, we are more heartily glad than sorry. Life is far pleasanter, and in general far more productive of good, when one is able to follow Dr. VAN DYKE's little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace, despising nothing in the world save falsehood and meanness, coveting nothing that is one's neighbor's except his kindliness of heart and his gentleness of manners, and thinking seldom of one's enemies, and often of one's friends.

The time has come when the pathway seems to open up gratefully and attractively before us, whereat we should all rejoice, and earnestly pray that it may go on, as its discoverer assures us that it will, "forever and forever," since, though "sometimes hard to find, it is always sweet to follow."

The Strenuous Life

IT would not be quite just to infer from our rejoicement at the cessation of hostilities and the dawn of more quiet days that the WEEKLY deprecates the strenuous life which Governor ROOSEVELT has been so actively commending by word and by deed for a number of strenuous years. Indeed, the contrary is the fact. There is, after all, nothing that so materially contributes to the most permanent establishment of the peace footing as the insistence of the workers of the day upon that kind of life which gives fullest play to all their energies. Any man who has ever had anything to do in this world that was worth accomplishing, fully realizes what a comfortable feeling of peace and satisfaction comes over him when, at the end of a day of productive expenditure of his energies, he retires to his brief hour of rest with the consciousness of having exerted himself to the utmost of his abilities. Nor is there a more disturbing sensation that can possibly enter into one's experience than the setting of the sun upon a day any portion of which has consciously been allowed to go into unfruitful effort, and has therefore been ill spent. The great mistake that most of us make lies in the idea that the strenuous pursuit of an object involves strife; that satisfaction can only be obtained through the discomfiture of others, and that a victory implies first a fight, and last a vanquishment, rather than an accomplishment. There is plenty to be done in the world, and no lack of individuals capable of doing it, and if one man would climb to the top of the ladder, there is no reason why in so doing he should pull or push others down in getting there. It has been the possible misfortune of the cause of the strenuous life that its most persistent advocate in this country has been identified with the militaristic idea, which really has little to do with the question in its larger aspect. Now that its advocate has ceased for the time being to be regarded as one of the standard-bearers of a single party in a political conflict the fundamental principles of the particular kind of life he urges upon us may reveal themselves more clearly to those who on the political questions of the day regard him with disfavor. Even in the prose poem to which we have referred, and which we wish every one might read, one of the guide-posts on the foot-path to peace is the injunction that we should be satisfied with our possessions, but not contented with ourselves until we have made the best of them. It is unquestionably true that even those of us who have opposed the aspirations of Mr. BRYAN to the Presidential office have stood in admiration of the manly vigor with which he has pursued his quest, and if all the vitality and all the energy that the rest of us possess may be as strenuously exerted for the betterment of ourselves and our fellows, and therefore of our country, we need have very little apprenhension as to the future.

The Results of the Census

CENSUS-DIRECTOR MERRIAM and his efficient corps of enumerators have at last so far completed their task that a portion of the results of their efforts has been published. The gratifying announcement is made that far from falling short of the expected growth in the past decade, we have exceeded it by very nearly two millions. The exact population of the United States is announced to be 76,295,220, an increase since 1890 of over thirteen millions of people, or nearly twenty-one per cent. of the whole. That we should have had a growth of over one-fifth of our population in so brief a period of time would seem to indicate that as a nation we are pursuing the strenuous life to the full extent of our powers. The vast numerical increase will later show also a tremendous increase in industrial efficiency, so that we may felicitate ourselves upon the happy fact that as Uncle Sam's big family grows, it gains rather than loses in character and vigor.

Director MERRIAM is entitled to the highest praise for the celerity with which this first and most important part of his work has been performed. The business of the office has been conducted in the most praiseworthy fashion, and none of the unfortunate bickerings which grew out of the methods employed in past years have marred or impeded the work. The Director with some natural pride points to the fact that the bulletins thus far issued have been given to the public almost a year in advance of those given out during the last census, and in appreciation of the work of those who paved the way for so successful an issue to his undertaking, he gratefully announces that the present census act is such a vast improvement over any legislation heretofore enacted, that the officials are able to proceed with the work with greater activity and certainty than in the past.

The Director does not state through whose exertions the great improvements in census legislation have been brought about, and probably because the present conditions are the result of a development rather than of individual effort. It is fair to assume, however, that Representative HOPKINS of Illinois and Senator CARTER of Montana who, as chairmen of their respective committees, looked after the interests of the act in the two Houses of Congress, are in a large measure responsible for its efficiency, and their due meed of praise should be accorded them for the successful outcome of their labors.

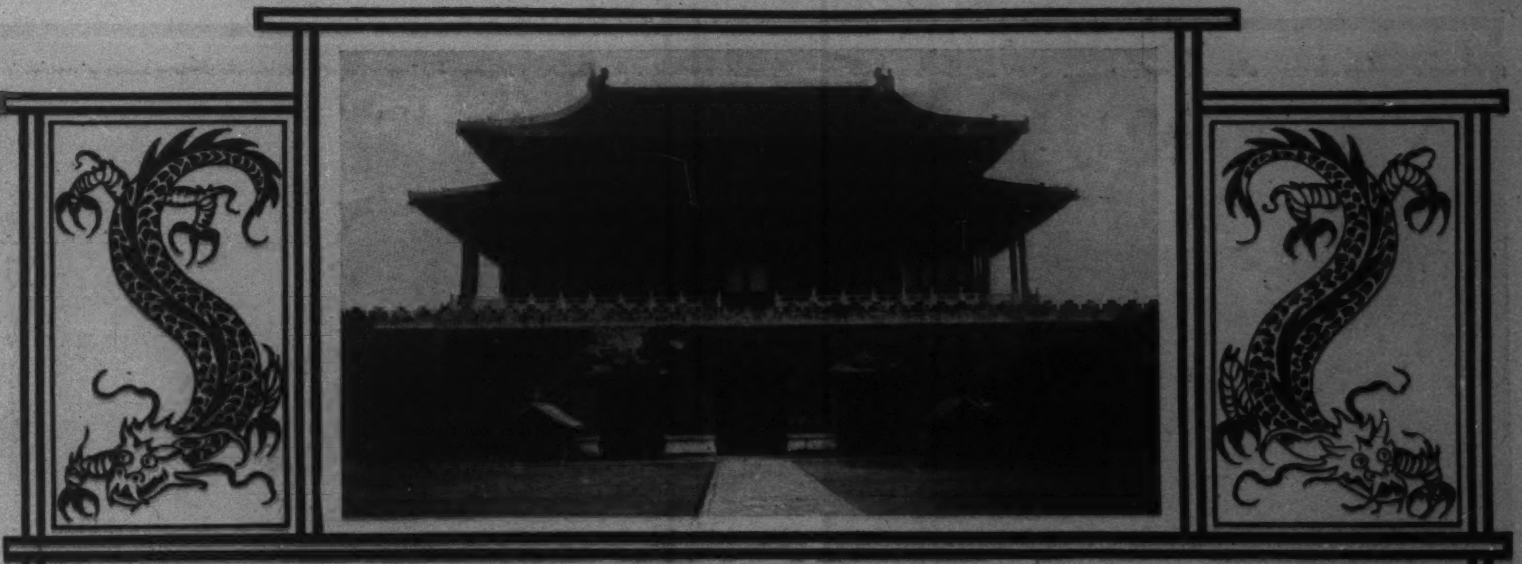
Increase of Representation

SOME of the results of this tremendous growth, gratifying as it is, may not prove wholly to the taste of those who believe that the House of Representatives is already a trifle too large to be comfortably handled. Certain of our Presidents have found it difficult to keep it in line, and the larger it grows the more likely is it to prove a hard body to manage. Even the members of the honorable body themselves have looked with disfavor upon its possible growth, just as certain members of certain clubs regret the necessity which sometimes compels them to let down the bar of exclusiveness for the admission of new members. Entirely apart from the fact that the Hall of the Representatives at Washington, wherein the fortunate elect sit to enact our laws, at present contains barely more than "standing room only," it is felt that the body is numerically unwieldy, and if reports from the Capitol are true, there is much serious talk of stringent measures to keep it from getting any larger. It is too early, of course, to predict what will be done in the matter by the Congress before which the question of representation and apportionment is to come; but it is safe to assume that if they can, the members of the body that is yet to be convened will look with jealous disfavor upon any project to add materially to their numbers, especially in view of the fact that New York State, considered to be already sufficiently potential in the councils of the nation, would in all probability be the gainer of two new members, while the State of Pennsylvania, the sure possession of one of the two great parties, would be entitled to three new seats.

Numerical expansion does not seem to be the order of the day in the House of Representatives if the feeling of its members is correctly indicated by such reports as have come to hand.

On the Regulation of Druggists

FROM recent incidents of a soul-stirring nature that have occurred in New York city and its vicinity, of local interest perhaps, but of large general significance none the less, it would seem as if the purveyors of drugs and chemicals hereabouts, and no doubt elsewhere as well, retail and wholesale, are in need of a closer degree of inspection than they seem to have had. It ought not to be possible under any properly regulated condition of affairs for depraved and inhuman fiends to purchase at will, and anywhere, such drugs as will enable them to pursue with any hope of success the nefarious projects they may have in mind; and that the lives of scores of people can be endangered by the storage of high explosives in a building fronting on a thoroughfare that is daily more than crowded by busy folk, is an offence against the proprieties which is without palliation. There can be no reasonable doubt that New York city and Paterson, New Jersey, are not the only localities in which the conditions of which we complain exist. It is more reasonable to suppose that the revelations of crime and disaster of the past two weeks concerning both places, both resulting in the loss of life, are typical of what is going on in all other communities, and the American public is entitled to protection against a repetition both of the offence of the one, and of the frightful disaster within the borders of the other. We do not for one moment believe that the sufferers in New York whose property has been destroyed, and upon whose shoulders so grave a responsibility seems at this moment to rest are more than technically guilty, and in their misfortune they should receive a vast deal of sympathy for the trouble which has come upon them, but there are higher considerations of the public welfare involved, and immediate and drastic steps should be taken by the authorities to mete out just punishment to individuals who shall be shown to have offended the law, and to the officials as well who appear to have closed their eyes to its manifest violation.



THE CHEN-OU-MEN GATE

THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

BY A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

THERE are in Peking four cities in one—the Chinese, the Tartar, the Imperial City, and the Violet or Red Forbidden City. In the very centre of Peking, and within the wall of the Sacred Imperial City, one finds the "Forbidden City," containing the Emperor's audience-halls, his private palaces, and those of the court eunuchs, officials, and attendants. From its most northern point to the southern the wall enclosing the sacred grounds measures over a thousand yards in length, whereas from east to west the distance is only eight hundred yards. A moat sixty-five yards broad surrounds the city, while a large number of barracks and ammunition storehouses are to be found all round for the use of the palace guards. Small pagodas and pavilions are scattered here and there in the sacred enclosure, and indeed—when a bird's-eye view is obtained of the Forbidden City—from "Coal Hill," directly north of the palace, the sight is a wonderful one—the brilliant yellow and green roofs, masses of them, shining gayly in the sun, and the buildings, mostly of sombre red, being carefully laid out with geometrical precision as well as in artistic taste.

Four kiao-leou, or angle three-tiered pagodas, gracefully adorn the corners of the wall, and four gates give access to the Forbidden City to those few allowed to enter it. Principal of these, if less beautiful than the others, is the south gate, the "Ou-men," for it is from here that a long row of buildings, higher and more elaborate than the rest, stretches in good architectural symmetry from south to north. They are eleven in number, all very handsome, with yellow-tiled roofs surmounting the red-lacquered wooden structure above the stone and marble basement.

The other three gates are called "Tung-hoa" (east), "Si-hoa" (west), and "Chen-ou" (north). It is well to remind the reader that although during the present war in China the allied forces had entered the Chinese and Tartar city and captured the Imperial City; although they had destroyed, burned, and looted wholesale the houses of friends and foes alike—the Forbidden City, with all its palaces, the nest of infamy and corruption, where the plans for the destruction of foreigners in China had been conceived, organized, and orders issued accordingly to the populace, was respected and protected. The allies marched triumphantly through the country from Taku to Peking, carrying all before them, but here they had now come to a dead stop before the Imperial Palace, that very palace that every soldier of the relief expedition wanted to be the first to set on fire in order to avenge the insults and cowardly torture inflicted by the Chinese upon our men, women, and children. Indeed, it was every soldier's dream to see the place flare up (after it had been looted, well understood) as a crowning victory of civilization over bigotry. The day Peking was taken the plucky and smart Americans, with their artillery, had already begun from the south to make short work of the first three gates prior to entering the Forbidden Palace itself. When on the point of easily achieving a brilliant victory they were ordered by the legations to cease fire and withdraw, so as not "to offend the Chinese." They had lost heavily during their attack, their brave Captain Reilly had been killed, and it was mighty hard for the boys to have to obey. Russian, British, Japanese, and French were left to guard each of the four gates, so as to prevent inmates of the palace escaping, but for two whole weeks was the palace left untouched and closed. The result? The Chinese naturally argued that we were afraid of taking it, that we felt our inferiority, and therefore did not dare trespass on this sacred ground. Pigtailed busybodies spread at once rumors abroad that foreign devils were not strong enough to take the palace; that when they had reached its gates they were unable to go further. Why, even their big guns, they argued, were not powerful enough to blow the fourth gate! Hence, within the next two days of our entering Peking, when everything seemed quiet and orderly, several lives of American, French, and Russian soldiers were lost, murdered by Chinese, while peaceably going about the streets of the city.

The Boxers in the neighborhood of Peking, encouraged by what they believed to be our lack of courage and strength, became again threatening. It was then decided by the foreign representatives that a suitable way of maintaining our prestige and of giving China a lesson would be to make a formal entry into the Forbidden City, and that it should take the form of an international procession. Only one small detachment of each of the eight military, victorious powers concerned in the war would be allowed to march through the forbidden grounds; each nation to be represented by a number of men in proportion to the number of troops by her despatched for the relief of Peking.

On hearing that the powers had come to this agreement I immediately called on the British General Barrow to obtain permission to accompany the British troops in this triumphant march of so great historical interest. The general was not approachable, but referred me to an officer, who said that no permits would be issued. Much mystery was made over the whole affair, and it seemed that the authorities were afraid—almost ashamed—to let the world at large know that the penetration of light and civilization into the innermost shrine of Celestial exclusiveness would presently be an accomplished fact. It was apparent that the intention was to have the whole performance on the sly, as it were, and much excitement prevailed among press people when they were, one and all, flatly refused admission to witness the procession.

The American general was no better than the British, and having struck a stage attitude when interviewed by an American correspondent, he is reported to have exclaimed: "There are things in this world that are sacred! The Imperial Palace is one of them!" He would see newspaper men. . . .anywhere rather than let them into the palace to witness the show.

Extraordinary as it may seem the British general informed the press people later in the day that he would take example from the Japanese. What they would do he would. If the sons of the Mikado allowed their own correspondents, he might be tempted to allow the British.

This conduct on the part of the authorities seemed incomprehensible, and much excitement prevailed among newspaper men, who, after undergoing all the hardships of the campaign, were now done out of reporting to the people at home the triumphant day of their respective armies. They signed petitions and formulated complaints.

Personally fortune attended me. Being of a somewhat independent disposition, I never beg for favors. I happened to pay a friendly call on the Russian General Linievitch, when I was asked whether I would attend the procession the following morning. I answered that the general of my country would not allow me to see it. Much astonishment was expressed by the Russians present, and—to use their words—it seemed beyond their conception that I, who had single-handed tried to do in Tibet what the allied nations were now going to do in China, would by my own countrymen be deprived of attending the ceremony. Thereupon the invitation was given me to ride into the palace by the side of General Linievitch, who, being the senior general, would be the first foreigner to enter the forbidden ground. Of such a great honor done me by the greatest of all generals in the field and on so great a historical occasion I was proud and honored beyond words. "The general and you will be the first two white men to enter the sacred precincts," said an officer to me, "and you will be the first Englishman—in fact, the first Anglo-Saxon—that can claim the privilege." I was told that although many had applied, no permits whatever had been issued by the Russians, which made me appreciate the invitation all the more.

"Be here at 7.30 to-morrow morning, for I will start at 8 to review the international troops," said General Linievitch, as I heartily thanked him for his kindness.

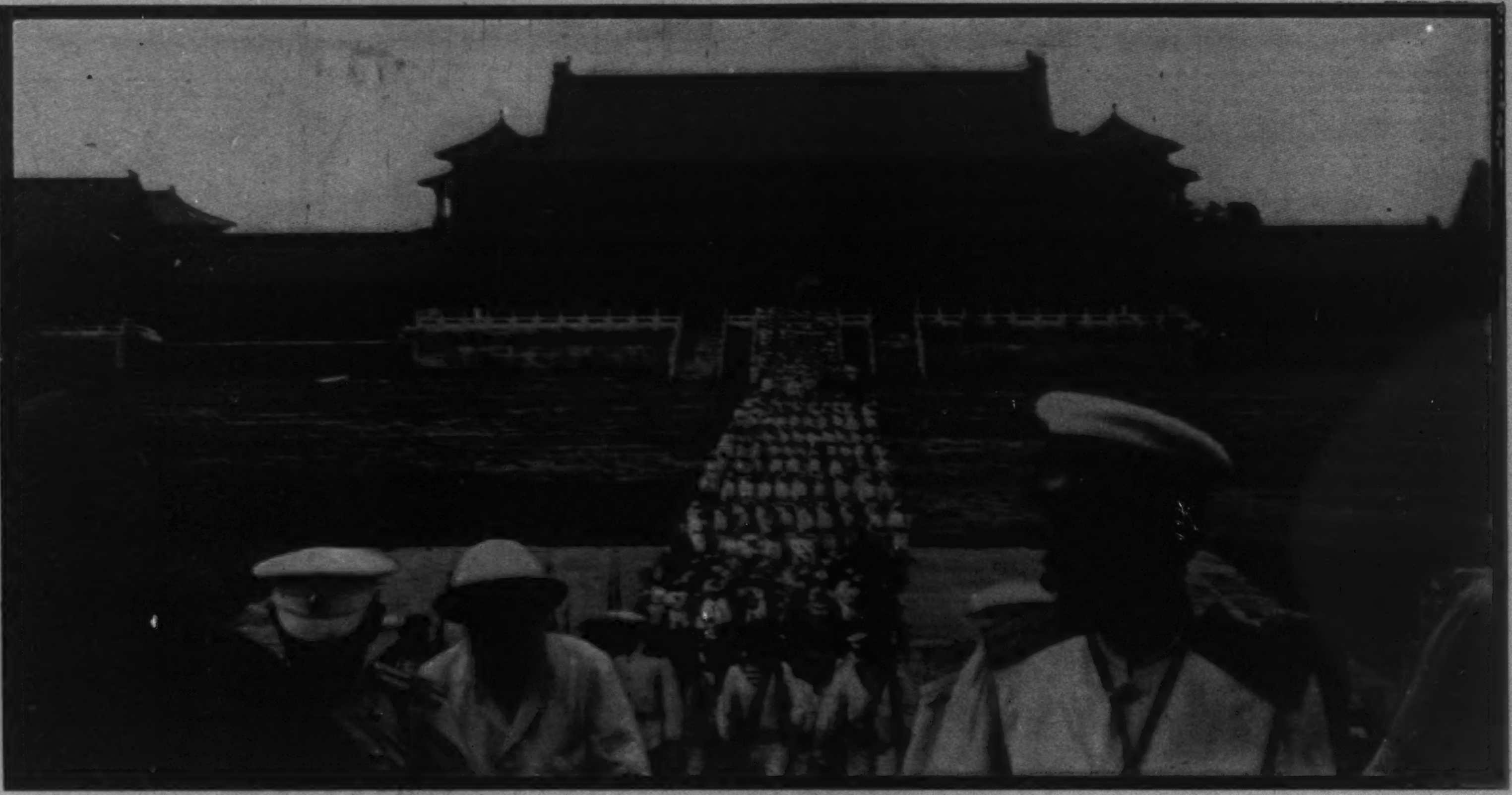
Off I went back to camp, overcome with joy—when the bitter reality flashed across my mind that my khaki clothes, not taken off my back for several weeks, were torn and dirty and hardly suitable for such a grand occasion. But no other garments could be procured, so what could I do but make the best of them? My Sikh servant was made to wash them, and when they were washed, owing to the lack of sun and the heavy dew at night, I put them on again to dry them. A fresh set of buttons, a stitch here and there to mend the pockets, and by contrast with others my attire looked as good as new. My two instantaneous cameras, with eighteen plates in each, were made ready, and when morning came I rode briskly to the Russian Legation, reaching it an hour, or even two, before the time appointed.

Cordially received by the general and his staff, we eventually started on our horses, and passing through the quadrangle with high marble balustrade between the city gate and the first gate of the palace, we entered the first court-yard. Here were lined already the troops that would march through the palace. The various generals were on foot at the head of their respective columns, and as we rode past each contingent the *doyen* general reviewed them, each general and staff in turn saluting as we passed, and accompanying us to the end of the line. I must confess that I felt a certain childish delight when I passed the British general, who stood at "attention" and on his feet, while I was mounted on a fine China pony. But that is human nature all over.

As numbers went the Russians were most prominent of all; then the Japanese, the British, the American, the French, the German, the Italian, the Austrian. One and all looked as smart and well as circumstances allowed, and it was as fine a sight as it can be given any one to gaze on these fine, brave fellows of all nations, in their white or khaki uniforms, all doing their utmost to be seen at their best, all looking proud and happy to take part in such a grand international affair. Indeed there were on that day many sore hearts in Peking of soldiers and officers who were not permitted to attend the parade owing to the small number of men that each nation was allowed to take into the palace. The foreign ministers in a body now walked on foot along the middle road, they too saluted by all the troops. They took their position to the left of the court-yard as one looked towards the second gate.

The review of the troops completed, General Linievitch, his staff and myself, with an escort of Cossacks, rode up through the second court-yard, followed by the diplomatic body, the Russian marines, Russian line officers, and infantry. We passed through the two gates of the approaches to the palace, which had already been opened by the Americans, and we were now before the last gate, the one that led into the palace itself, and which no foot of "foreign devil" had ever trespassed. The moment was impressive to a degree.

Three Chinese officials—two of them interpreters to the Yamen—in their long blue state robes and conical white hats, stood with mournful faces waiting for us at the closed gate. As we approached they stooped and chin-chinned, joining their thumbs together. General Linievitch and I dismounted and walked up the incline to the gate. Opened from inside, the huge wooden doors, studded with iron knobs, revolved slowly on their rusty and squeaky hinges. When one thought that for five centuries, since this palace was built, these gates had barred the way to all civilizing influence, when one realized that, whatever had occurred outside in the way of intercourse with foreigners, no



The Russians, at the Head of the Allied Forces, entering the Palace Grounds.

one had ever penetrated these sacred walls, it is somewhat excusable if one felt somewhat proud to be the first of one's race to set foot inside this Forbidden Palace. It was a memorable event in the history of China, and never did I realize so much its moral weight as just when General Linievitch and I stepped together into the Forbidden City. The British artillery fired the first salute of one-and-twenty guns to announce the memorable event. The spell was broken. The deed was done. What Celestials had kept most sacred for five hundred years foreign devils desecrated in two seconds.

"*Entrez dans le Palais de l'Empereur*" (Enter the Emperor's Palace), said to the general the Chinese official, who spoke the most perfect French, and having shown us the way with his extended arm and a grand bow, he joined his companion ahead of us.

They marched quickly, evidently in a hurry to get us through in all speed, and by their side, as can be seen in the photograph here reproduced, played a pretty fox-terrier dog, who seemed to enjoy the experience as much as any of his human fellow-creatures. Behind us we had General Linievitch's staff, including the brave Norwegian Munthe and Yanchevetsky, who had rendered such excellent services as scouts, guides, and interpreters. Then came the third Chinaman, who kept with the diplomatic body—an extraordinary-looking lot to look at, dressed up in the quaintest of costumes—most of them hardly adapted to so grand an occasion. Why, indeed, you only have to look at one of the snap-shots to see what they were like. In front stood prominent the lumbering, bony figure of Sir Claude McDonald, in an ample gray suit of tennis clothes and a rakish Panama slouch-hat, which he wore at a dangerous angle. He walked jauntily and with gigantic strides, moving his arms about as if preparing for a boxing-match. To his right the Russian minister seemed quite reposeful by contrast. He was clad in dark clothes, and bore himself with dignity. Next to him the representative of the French Republic, in a garb which combined the exigencies of the Bois de Boulogne on a Sunday with the conveniences of tropical suiting on a week-day. Mr. Conger, the American minister, strode behind, ponderously, dressed in white cottons and military gaiters, while a horde of secretaries, students, and interpreters in various fancy garbs made part of the distinguished crowd.

The march through the palace being a military affair, it seemed as if the ministers attached no importance whatever to the occasion. In fact, some appeared quite bored. The remarkably striking head of Dr. Morrison (correspondent of the London *Times*) could be seen among this crowd.

The chief buildings and the Emperor's audience-halls occupy in a line the central part of the palace-grounds. The troops were not made to march through these throne-halls or other buildings, but we outskirted them to the right, through various courts of more or less magnificence, along buildings of great age and out of repair, through pretty rock gardens, quaint to a degree, until we came to a centenarian tree of gigantic proportions. The Chinese professed that it was five centuries old, and we all exclaimed Ah! and Oh! to express our admiration. Its branches have to be supported by heavy beams, so heavy are they. Beyond that, through delightfully artistic grounds, a hill with curious grottos is to be found. In the grottos idols and statues of Buddha, a number of silver and jade cups, vases, images, candlesticks, and bowls. Each of the courts or passages we went through had massive gates that were opened by attendants as we approached. These attendants, that had been besieged in the palace, seemed famished and worn. Although apparently submissive, even servile, any observant person could notice on their stolid faces an expression of hatred and contempt for us as we went by.

We reached the last and most northern court of the palace, and here came the grandest and most impressive part of the procession. The Russian general with his staff, the diplomatic body, Lady McDonald, and one or two other ladies stood under the northern gate leading out of the palace—the *Yu-hoa-yuen*. The Russian band, an excellent one, took a position in the court-yard, while a strong force of Cossacks and Russian infantry stood under the gate and round the wall of the court. Presently the *defilé* before the *doyen* Russian general began, and with the first bars of the Russian national anthem in marched the Russian marines, infantry, and a contingent from each of their regiments in Peking. A finer, healthier, sturdier, better and more sensibly drilled body of soldiers it is impossible to imagine. They marched like men across the court among the "hurrahs" and wild excitement of all present. Some marched out of the palace, but a number of them were ordered by the general to remain inside the court and line the sides. The object of this, a most exquisite and charming thought on the part of the Russians towards their allies. The soldiers were ordered to cheer themselves hoarse as the contingent of each nation went by. Next to the Russians now marched through the Japanese, those wonderful and absolutely perfect little soldiers and officers that have astounded the world with their bravery and strategical skill. In their white uniforms and black and yellow caps, perfectly equipped with all the requirements of a campaign, they marched slowly and sensibly—a delightful sight of precision and simplicity. Baron Yamaguchi, their commander-in-chief, and General Fukushima and staff marched proudly at their head, taking a place next to the Russian general as they reached him. The soldiers marched by the sound of their own bugles, as, alas, the Russian band, excellent as it was, broke down when it came to play a Japanese air! The lack of what might have turned out an ear-rending performance was, however, more than compensated by the enthusiastic and prolonged cheering of the Russians, that was much appreciated by the Japanese, and which lasted until the last of them was out of sight.

And now for the British. Here they come. One cannot help being struck by the better clothes they wear than any other nation—everything made of the best material instead of the cheapest. They looked as smart and spick and span as if they had come out of a bandbox—the officers especially. They had a dashing, free and easy, but, mind you, extremely manly and businesslike, way of marching along, keeping good step, and with a graceful unaffected swing that one cannot help liking and admiring. You could see as they came along that they were men who belonged to a great nation. They knew it, and were proud of it.

As General Gaselee and his staff appeared in the court-yard the Russian band played "God Save the Queen," and the most frantic hurrahs and waving of hats and caps took place as the marines and Welsh Fusiliers marched by. Hardly ever have I witnessed a scene of such wild and hearty enthusiasm. It was indeed pleasant to think that so warm a feeling of affection and respect existed between the two greatest empires in the world.

In now came the Sikhs with their bagpipes, which, little as I know about bagpipes, they seemed to play as well as any Scotchman. They created a *furor*, and you could see their jet-black eyes gleaming with joy at such a reception. The pipers remained in the court-yard, playing as delightfully as Scotch tunes permit, until the First Bengal Lancers, the Seventh Rajputs, the Patans, and at last the Wei-hai-wei regiment all passed through, all received with thundering cheers, moderated slightly towards the Chinese regiment, for it seemed to go against the grain of people that Chinamen should have been sent to fight against Chinamen. One felt rather sorry at their present position, for as a regiment they are a wonderful body of men.

The Americans were ushered in with the "Star-spangled Banner," blown through the brass instruments by powerful Russian lungs. And did not the boys look smart as they came through the gate! Officers and men were all in khaki, except General Chaffee, who wore his blue uniform.

They, too, like the British, were most enthusiastically cheered, and they deserved it, for indeed they had done excellent work in the campaign. On this particular occasion, when one could contrast and compare them with other nationalities, one was particularly struck by the individual intelligent appearance of each man and by the matter-of-fact mien of the line officers. At the same time they presented quite as good a military appearance as soldiers of any other nation. The boys marched through with pride, and waved their flag as cheers were raised for them.

The German contingent came next. Splendid men, tall, heavy, machinelike, and all so perfectly alike in height, build, and shape that they seemed made in the same mould. The contrast between them and the natural, easy-going Americans was great. It was so great that when they came in with their extraordinary parade march—as unnatural a way of locomotion as was ever invented—there was a general semi-suppressed laughter, drowned at once by "hurrahs." One had to admire the way they were equipped and drilled, their training being absolutely perfect, if a soldier that is a machine is to be taken as a model soldier.

If one had a mental shock at the contrast of the American and German warriors, we had now one greater still when the French marched in. The poor fellows seemed so done up that they could hardly walk. Their clothes were in a dreadful state. They hardly showed the French army at its best, but how could they? These men had been for several years in the suicidal climate of Saigon, and from there despatched to Peking, where they had just arrived. It is to be regretted that France was not better represented, for all knew she could do better than that.

A curious incident noticed by few happened. The Russian band had been playing full lungs the "Marseillaise," the republican march of France, but a forbidden air in the monarchic neighboring country of Italy.

As the French were meagrely represented, the Italians came immediately behind them, just as the "Marseillaise" that was in full swing was being played. The Russian general discovered at once the *faux pas*, and tried in vain to signal the bandmaster to stop. They were going at it their hardest when the general's aide-de-camp was despatched across the line to the musicians. Just in time. In a hurry-scurry fashion the republican march ceased abruptly, and the "Inno Reale" of Italy was struck, much to the reassurance and relief of the Italians, who seemed perplexed to march under an air foreign and ungrateful to their ears.

They looked very manly and neat, well drilled, and they carried themselves splendidly. They were much admired and cheered. So was the small and last contingent—the Austrian marines—which worthily ended this marvellous international historical parade through the Forbidden City and Imperial palaces of Peking.

The Americans coming out at the Northern Gate.

The Sikh Pipers playing for the Bengal Lancers coming out of the Palace.

THE PARADE THROUGH PEKING'S IMPERIAL PALACE.

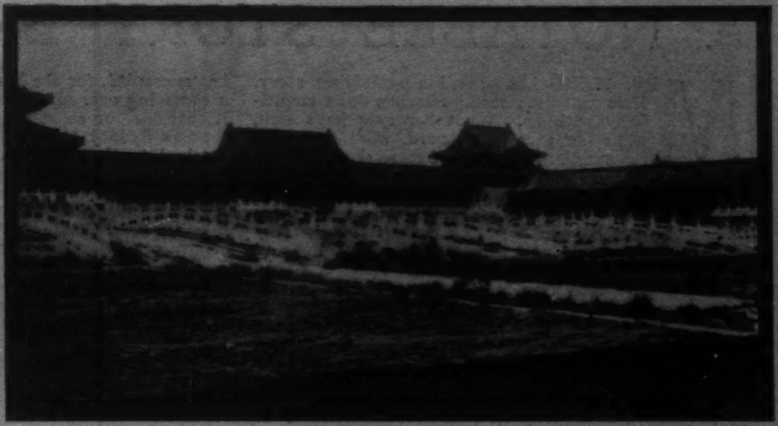
The Italian Sailors.

The Russian Infantry.

The British Indian Troops.

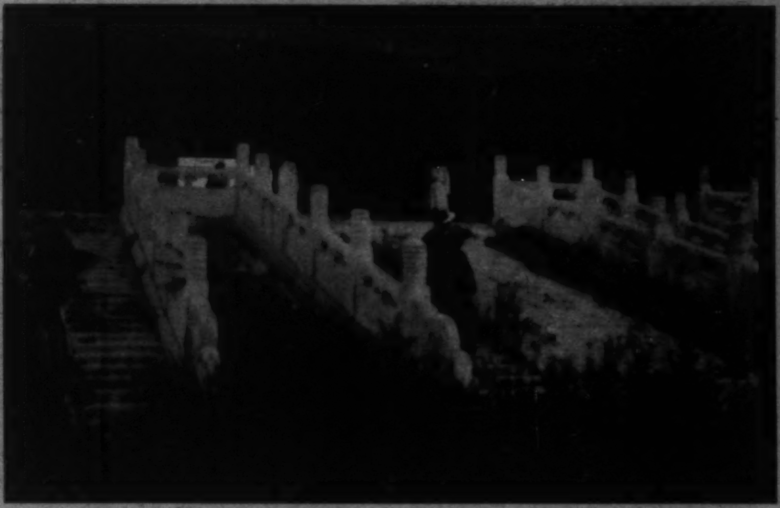
FOREIGN TROOPS PASSING OUT OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

The Allies before entering the Palace.



The Emperor's Reception-Hall.

The Chen-ou-Men Gate.



The Officials who showed the Way.

The first Troops to enter.

The First Court-Yard.

The Russian General and Staff.

The Japanese Generals.

INSIDE THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

A NOTABLE STORY BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

MRS. WARD has reared a satisfying story. It is well nourished. She has dealt bountifully with us. What her eyes have seen, what her ears have heard, what her mind has reasoned out—all of these she has given us, and joined to them what comes not by sight or reason, but which the heart divines. Serial publication is a hard test, and not always a fair test, for a story, but *Eleanor* has stood it well. The journey through the twelvemonth with Mrs. Ward's friends in Italy has never flagged in interest; no stage of it has seemed too long, no stop too protracted. Her friends have become ours. Her Italy, to whom "the heart of an English woman offers this book," is more nearly ours than it was before she showed it to us and brought its problems home to our knowledge. Not the least of the services *Eleanor* does for its readers is the view it gives of Italian politics and Italian possibilities. It is a hopeful view. Mrs. Ward believes in united Italy. She backs the monarchy—or rather the nation—in its differences with the Vatican, but she does not take sides as a partisan, but as an observer whose sympathies are quick and earnest, who sees rival forces pressing on to a result to which they must both contribute. She has faith in Italy—in its vigor, in its people, in its future. We have been so used to read of Italy's debts, and poverty, and bread-riots, of the ruthless "improvements" of the new government, and of the ill-resigned grief of her reverend clergy who know better, that Mrs. Ward's view is very grateful to our hopes. Most of us have seen our Italy of late through the eyes of Mr. Marion Crawford, and the report of a new observer, so intelligent and so sympathetic as Mrs. Ward, is very welcome.

We Americans are especially her debtors, too, for the Yankee maiden she has drawn for us. When we consider how disagreeable she might have made her, how crude, how hard, how grasping, there really seems reason to be grateful that she has chosen to fashion the strong New England stock into so admirable a shape. Lucy Foster is a conscience in petticoats, and yet she is a woman, too, and unquestionably a New England woman, and unquestionably a lady. The high-thinking that she was born and bred to in a village in Vermont never fails her for an instant. She is gentle, she is unassuming, she has courage and strength, and she is true to the last drop of her blood. She is, in another sense, almost too good to be true, yet we who know her origin realize that she is a real product of existing influences, and that Mrs. Ward has not drawn on her imagination for Lucy's facts, whatever grace she has lent to her portrayal of them. To what strains and tests our Yankee girl has been put at the English woman's hands! How her gold has felt the flame, and the hickory in her has bent to the sweep of mighty winds! An American writer, in a recent story with a Southern setting, makes his hero turn for help in a time of sore trial to a woman of whom he says: "Had she been some strong-minded, uncompromising New England woman, she might have taken her place triumphantly beside an accusing judge, or have all the more fiercely set on him with an acrid conscience, that she might save his soul. But this was a Southern girl, of warm, strong, deep nature." This unlovely impression of the New England character contrasts violently with the conception of that character by Mrs. Ward. But of course we cannot expect men to write of women as women do.

A man, though, could far easier have drawn Lucy Foster than Eleanor. There the battle was fought. There it was won. Eleanor is good to know, good to follow, good to grieve over, good to rejoice with. The woman whose character is nearly perfect, like Lucy Foster, is good to have in real life—much better to have than is commonly conceded—but the woman who is most valuable to a book or a play is one whose character needs perfecting. The great work of life is the perfecting of character. That is the work that Mrs. Ward follows out in her heroine. It is wonderfully done. We follow Eleanor step by step, charmed by her cleverness, sorrowing over her griefs, earnestly sympathetic with her distress and desires. We forgive her faults far more readily than she forgives them. We hate to see her suffer. Let Lucy suffer; she can stand it better. But that Mrs. Ward does not grant us. Her heart is with Eleanor. She will not spare her any salutary pang. She will not buy even her life at too great a price. She never lets go her hand, but step by step leads her through the dark valley to the shining heights beyond. The painful books are not those in which the characters that attract us don't get what they want, but those in which they lose the quality that endears them to us. *Eleanor* is sad sometimes, but it is not painful, for it is the story of a triumph. In that particular it reminds one of the *Tale of Two Cities*, for it is a story of renunciation as a woman tells it. That is the most appealing type of novel, and many there are who try to write it, and few who succeed. Dickens succeeded once—supremely. Mrs. Ward has succeeded, for she has made a true book as well as a charming one. Eleanor's fate is worked out so that it satisfies our sense of justice. She has her reward, just as Sydney Carton had his when he rode in the tumbrel to the guillotine, and we know that it is a reward that is real, and really attainable, and to which, first or last, in some degree or in some form or other, all of us who win any high success out of this life must attain. We cannot grumble at the cost of any prize that is beyond price. What do we care if a man does lose the whole world provided his soul is really saved?

The defects of men seem to be the making of women. Mrs. Ward, with two fine women to be provided for, has tried to give us a man with defects enough to save both of them. Yet it has been important not to overdo it. Her man must be man enough and attractive enough to be in demand. Her heroine, both her heroines, are to be in love with him. He must not be altogether unworthy, and yet he must be at least defective enough to have stirred the affections of two women at the same time, either of whom was too good for him. No considerate man would do that. Mr. Manisty was not considerate. He was a pig, but an educated pig, and perhaps not more of a pig than most other men. The defects of his mind and soul were reflected in his person, and Mrs. Ward represents him as a fine head on a shambling body. She does not permit us to dislike him, but only gently to deplore his shortcomings. While we admire his talents, we are obliged to conclude that to make him useful in the world is a fit career for an able woman, and probably worth the trouble it will cost her. We realize, also, that unless Mr. Manisty is taken into competent hands and steered he will accomplish nothing. Mrs. Ward is very indulgent with him. He smokes cigarettes constantly. She never reproaches him. He is exceedingly rude sometimes. She hardly notices it. She takes him away from Eleanor, not because he is unworthy, but for Eleanor's soul's good. She bestows him on Lucy as a prize of virtue, and yet she gives us reason to surmise that he was knock-kneed, and we know that there was insanity in his family. We would rather she had given the girl from Vermont a man with straight legs, at least, but, after all, she has been so very kind to Lucy and put such gentle and admirable hickory qualities into her, that we must not grumble at her spoiling of Manisty. There is no need of putting more good timber than enough into any one family, and Manisty and Lucy were destined to be one.

There is nothing more interesting in the book than its religion. It will be recalled that there was a former book by the same author, called *Robert Elsmere*, wherein the creeds of Christendom were weighed in balances, and held up to the light with results that made a great noise in the world. There is no sign in this book that Mrs. Ward has changed her mind as to the truth of the opinions that she indicated in the book that first made her famous, but there is much that suggests that she does not attach as much importance to those opinions, or to opinion in general, as she once did. It is not that she has changed, but that she has grown, and the growth is what might have been looked for in such a woman—a growth in grace as well as in wisdom, of the heart as well as of the mind. There is a Robert Elsmere in *Eleanor* in the person of Father Benecke, a learned priest, who writes a book which drives him out of the Church of Rome and deep into Mrs. Ward's story. He is welcome and useful there, and not only helps Eleanor over a hard place, but is of service to Mrs. Ward in expressing her feelings about religion. They are very hopeful feelings, and very valuable in her expression of them. No amount of biology or of higher criticism seems to have affected her confidence in the enduring power of Christianity or the essential truth of its ideas. Father Benecke, excommunicated for his heretical disclosures, clings with absolute trust to the Christ of his heart. Eleanor, a woman of trained intelligence, conversant with all the theological novelties of the time, and in sympathy with the theological conclusions of what we call "advanced thought," wins painfully through to that victory over self which the cross exemplifies, and tastes that wonderful and mysterious exaltation which is one of its rewards. Her talks with Father Benecke and his to her are very remarkable. However Mrs. Ward's theology may or may not be approved by the various doctors of that science, her latest book does not leave it doubtful that she has thought and felt deeply and to good purpose about religion, and has that to say on that subject which pious-minded persons must rejoice to read. And of what she does say the absolute sincerity is manifest. She gives the best she knows, withholding nothing, conceding nothing to cant, and nothing to creed out of mere deference to authority, but writing unshackled and yet dutifully, with a spirit that reminds one whose service it is that the prayer-book speaks of as "perfect freedom."

Mrs. Humphry Ward.

There may be some monotony about all this praise, but *Eleanor* is a good book, and the chance to commend a book of notable merit does not offer every day. No doubt it has its defects, but they must be pointed out elsewhere. It is a grave book, but not too grave. There are delightful secondary personages in it, and many of them, some of whom hardly do more than cross the stage. Yet the glimpse of them is enlightening. We have to thank Mrs. Ward especially for the Ambassador's luncheon: for the Ambassador and his prescription for Lucy of Persian roots—good tough ones to set one's teeth in—as a corrective of the tiresomeness of life; for the Marchesa, the model mother of five children, who "stood smiling, cigarette in hand, a tall woman still young"—"She is doing things for the future," said the Ambassador, "that in England it would take twenty women to do"; for Madame Variani, and her—"Everybody should be angry wid som-thin—it is good for the character; but Mr. Manisty is angry with too many things. That is stupid—that is a waste of time." These are pleasant people, and there is the Contessa on her farm in the Alban hills, with her only son dead in Abyssinia, and her only daughter resolved upon a religious life and about to enter a convent. A very notable person is the Contessa, and helpful to one's understanding of Italy and Italians. She does not appear often nor stay long, but she stays in the mind. There are others, wise, witty, trifling, grave, and some pathetic. If it is a fault in a book that it keeps its reader in intelligent and cultivated society, *Eleanor* has that fault in considerable measure. But most of us do not complain of such a book. We can stand a good deal of good society, if only it is really good. Mrs. Ward offers us no one to detest, no one that bores us, or whom we must despise. The portrayal of persons whom it is painful to be thrown with is a lawful literary exercise, but it is not indispensable to the composition of works of fiction.

Eleanor is optimistic. It makes one feel better about the prospects of humanity in this world, and even in the next world, too. It helps belief that truth will prevail, and that when it does prevail it won't do so much harm as many persons think. It quickens interest in many contemporary matters, but especially in Italy and its people, its politics, and its priests. It leaves one with at least one regret, though, a regret that Mrs. Ward has inspired before by other books. For reading a novel done by a competent hand makes one sigh to think that though novels increase and multiply beyond imaginable bound, novels of the quality of this one do not promise to be common, nor is there any prospect that of the competent novelists there will ever be so many that the appearance of a first-rate book will not be an important event.

"Head of Young Girl."—By Eva Lawrence Watson.

"Joseph Jefferson's Son."—By Frank Eugene.

"Zitkala."—By Joseph T. Keiley.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

IT was almost a stroke of genius which three years ago brought about the holding of an annual photographic exhibition in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy. The combination of interests is known as the Philadelphia Photographic Salon. The new art thereby gains the prestige of association with such an "ancient and honorable" institution, and the latter, also thereby, maintains its position in the forefront of artistic progress.

In the present exhibition some two hundred prints are displayed; the cream skimmed off an aggregate of nearly twelve hundred submitted to the jury.

Writing for many who will not have the opportunity of seeing the exhibition, I do not propose to discuss it in detail, but to touch upon a few considerations which it suggests as a whole. I spoke of photography, in its latest manifestations, as a "new art," and such indeed it is, for it has reached results that a few years ago one would not have believed possible

Its newness consists in the discovery of fresh methods of expressing artistic motives; the principles which should regulate the manipulation of the methods are not new. In this respect one notices a clean dividing-line between the various exhibitors. On one side of it are those who have had the discipline of artistic training apart from photography, and on the other those who have not. The former display a sanity of purpose and dignity of method that do not interfere with fancy and inventiveness; while the latter falter and find refuge in muzziness or deliberately strain after originality of treatment.

But the straining after originality is a more serious matter. The term "new art" is much bandied about in Europe just now, and is used to signify a variety of unfledged motives and startling or unusual manners of expression. It uses the human form simply as a decorative motive without any respect for its humanity; rejects its manifestations of healthy beauty for writhings and contortions, seeking a fancied analogy between the movements of limbs and the growth of plants, trying to obtain mystery by muzziness, lighting its subject fantastically and with no reference to the real direction and effects of light, straining to the very limits of morbid imagination so as to surprise, bewilder, and snatch attention.

On the other hand, it is a great pleasure to be able to note the prevalence of a great deal of work honest in sentiment and soundly artistic in method. The Glasgow photographer, J. Craig Annan, maintains his reputation with several fine portraits, frank, earnest work, with much suggestion of each sitter's character and personality; and also with a landscape of mountain scenery, and figures returning home in the evening, in which the lights and shadows are treated in a big manner and convey an impression of vastness and solemnity. Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier shows several handsome portraits, full of character and charm of arrangement, an excellent open-air effect, and a beautiful little play of fancy, called "Andante." For sound and effective management of light and shade special mention should be made of the work by Joseph T. Keiley, Prescott Adamson, Frank Eugene, and the collaborators, Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade. The first proves what he can do to gain robust effects, and also shows a very satisfactory imaginative study, "The Erlking." Out of a rude scene of railroad cars, sheds, smoke-stacks, and snow Mr. Adamson contrives a handsome picture, vigorous and imaginative, which he entitles "Midst Steam and Smoke." Mr. Eugene's prints are all distinguished by the color quality which he obtains through skilful adjustment of light and dark and attention to the gradations of each. Sometimes his darks are very deep; at other times he prefers a scheme of lights, as in "Mrs. D. and Family." In "Adam and Eve" he shows a really remarkable study of the nude, in which substance, texture, and color are alike suggested. In disagreeable contrast with this sincerity of treatment is a scurry of lines scratched or brushed over the faces, perhaps to hide their identity or else to emphasize the modelling of the figures, but in either case uninventive and unworthy. The joint examples of Miss Clark and her colleague are particularly agreeable in their manner of lighting. The pattern of dark and light is ingenious and effective, and both have a beautiful purity of tone. The "Profile of a Youth," by F. Holland Day, is a very attractive picture in large masses, flatly treated; while his "Portrait of a Man with a Book" exhibits a study of light and shade, full of rich color if a little rigid in arrangement.

Well-chosen scenes, mostly of the sea-shore, animated with figures, are shown by Alfred Steiglitz. One study of a woman mending nets illustrates an interesting point. The camera, instead of catching the right arm at some intermediate stage of its movement, has fixed it when the hand is close up to the shoulder, so that the position is stiff and does not suggest action. Perhaps the most pleasing of all his examples is a picture of a mother and child, "At the Window." Very good landscapes are exhibited by L. L. Peddinghaus, W. B. Post, Edmund J. Steichen, and Amelia Van Buren; moreover, in portraiture there is admirable work by Eva Lawrence Watson, Margaret M. Russell, and Mary Devens. Theodore Hofmeister, of Hamburg, one of the foreigners invited to exhibit, sends examples of colored landscapes, done by the gum-bichromate process. Technically, they will have much interest for photographers, but as pictures they are unsatisfactory, the color being neither true to nature nor agreeable.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

"At the Window."—By Alfred Steiglitz.

"Portrait of Mrs. L."—By Gertrude Kasebier.

"Profile of Youth."—By F. Holland Day.

CITY HALL PARK O

ON ELECTION NIGHT

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He obtains possession of the jewel, but it turns out to be only a clever imitation of the original. It develops that du Midi is the rightful heir to the crown of Aetolia, now worn by a usurper. The ruby is being used by his enemies, chief of whom is a certain Captain Coventry, to secure a loan from a well-known Paris banker. The Czareskas kidnap the banker and carry him off to sea on a yacht, thus preventing the consummation of the financial transaction.

CHAPTER XVII

FOX AND HOUNDS

THE fog was one solid wall around us when Crioche shook me by the shoulder and told me that it was six bells in the morning watch. The yacht was running dead slow, with the siren blowing at half-minute intervals; the deck was slippery and chill with the gray masses of vapor that closed us in on every side, and I felt miserable enough until the steward brought me a bowl of hot coffee.

Eight bells, and the fog was still as thick as ever. We barely had steerageway, and the siren had stopped blowing, the engineer reporting that one of the valves needed packing. It was an unpleasant position, for we were dead in the track of the Mediterranean boats, and I had no mind for being run down and cut in two.

"There comes the wind at last," said Crioche, and a little puff of air broke like a bubble through the aqueous vapors that surrounded us. Down shot a shaft of yellow light, Dame Nature's own broom, and in a twinkle sky and seaway were swept clear of their misty cobwebs.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" broke from the lips of the Baron, who had just joined me on the bridge, and I followed the direction of his pointing finger. Not two cable-lengths away, on our starboard quarter, lay a long, black hull with the tricolor of France floating at the gaff. The *Diane!*

It was plain enough that they had been waiting for us, for it was only ten minutes ago that our whistle had stopped blowing. Since then the yacht had been drifting slowly down upon the war-vessel, impelled by that mysterious attraction which exists between floating bodies. There was not the shadow of a chance to escape, for, as I have said, the two vessels were lying within point-blank range of each other, and the *Diane* had her port battery of six-pounders trained squarely upon us. An officer hailed us.

"We will send a boat aboard of you!" he shouted through a megaphone. "Stop your engines immediately!"

In bitterness of spirit I gave the signal to the engineer, and the *Sea Fox* lost her headway. The Frenchmen were clearing away a cutter, and in five minutes now they would be over our rail. I turned to speak to the Baron.

"It will be your turn—" I began, and then stopped short. The Baron had left the bridge, and was hastily running forward. Well, it didn't matter.

The cutter was in the water now, and pulling straight for us. I ordered out the ladder and waited as impassively as I could. A quartermaster answered the hail for a line, and the officer in charge of the cutter climbed nimbly to the yacht's deck, followed by four sailors.

"The *Sea Fox?*" he inquired, and then, without waiting for an answer: "Order your crew abaft the foremast, and let me see your papers."

"See! my dear lieutenant! What a word to use when a man is smothering under this gray blanket of fog and smoke! The devil himself would not know his own in such weather."

It was the Baron who had spoken, and I realized that the fog had again closed down upon us, and, indeed, was thicker than ever. The *Diane* had been completely blotted out, and I could hardly distinguish the blur of our own foremast twenty feet away. Then it lightened momentarily, and I did see something else. The two machine-guns that the yacht carried forward had been run out and made ready for business, Stephan standing at the lever of one, while the Baron in person manned the other. The Baron had his gun trained directly upon the French lieutenant and his little boarding-party, while Stephan was covering the gangway. In an instant I had grasped the situation and had acted upon it. The telegraph flashed the signal of half-speed ahead to the engine-room, and the quartermaster at my side threw the wheel hard over to port.

"Are you mad, monsieur?" shouted the lieutenant, as he felt the first throb of the propellers and realized that the *Sea Fox* was again under way. "Do you want to be blown out of water?" he continued, excitedly.

"Gently, my dear sir. If you will be good enough to look first behind and then around you, you will understand that I am justified in acting as I do. I will now give you thirty seconds in which to get into your boat and cast off. You will be picked up by your ship when the fog lifts—and I have all the passengers that I care to carry."

"You understand the consequences of your act," he said, in a choking voice.

"Perfectly, sir—but your boat is awaiting you."

The lieutenant bowed; I returned his salute, and he followed his men over the side. The line was cast off, and in an instant the cutter had slipped astern, lost to sight in the proverbial basin of pea-soup. I ran to the speaking-tube and called down for full speed, repeating the order on the telegraph. The *Sea Fox* gave a bound, and then sprang ahead as though a pack of hounds had opened upon her. If only the fog held for these coming ten minutes!

Luck was with us this time, for when the mist finally dissolved into a glorious day the *Diane* was fully five miles to leeward. But it was speedily made clear that she was not yet ready to abandon the chase. Already she had picked up the cutter, and now she had altered her course so as to lay us aboard. She fired a shell from her bow rifle as a final hint, but the distance was too great, and the gun was quickly run in. The chase was on now for a finish.

I left the bridge in charge of Crioche and went into the chart-room for a few minutes' rest on one of the big lounges. I found the Baron there, surrounded as usual by a cloud of cigar smoke. We shook hands warmly. "You are a most remarkable prisoner of war," I said, smilingly. "It would almost seem that you object to being rescued."

"My dear Cary," returned the Baron solemnly, "you see before you a man who has not had a real vacation in eighteen years. Thanks to you and your friends, I am now enjoying a respite from the cares of business, and I don't propose to be deprived of my well-earned repose without a protest. I am out of school, and I don't intend to go back until I am good and ready. Is that clear?"

"Baron, you are a great man! What a poker-player you would make!"

"Some day you will teach me, eh? That will be delightful, and it will enable me to forget the Bourse. But keep up your steam, my brave young man. The fog is a good card, but it cannot be played twice."

Three or four hours passed, and it was uncomfortable to note that the *Diane* had not been left astern according to programme. So far as I could judge, our relative positions remained unchanged—if anything we had lost a trifle. The log had indicated thirty-two knots in that first burst of speed, and although it was not our best showing, it was reasonable to conclude that the *Diane* would fall short in about the same proportion of her nominal steaming power. I walked aft and looked again at the "cherub," or patent log, that was towing astern. To my amazement it indicated only twenty-six knots, and even as I stood looking at it it dropped to twenty-five. Waiting only long enough to be sure that the log was working all right, I ran below to the engine-room.

The chief engineer was a Scotchman by the name of McLeod, and a new recruit to the *Sea Fox*. He had been hired on short notice at Havre, to fill the place of Brand, the regular chief, the latter having been taken ill some ten days ago, just as the yacht was about to be placed in commission.

As I entered the engine-room I happened to glance at an oil-cup that covered an important bearing. The cup was dry, and already the bearing was creaking ominously.

I shouted at McLeod, and he came up, a bit reluctantly, as I thought. I called his attention to the mischief that was being done, and he mumbled some kind of explanation under his breath. But I had not come to hear excuses, however good they might be.

"If anything happens to these engines, my man," and here I stared hard at him, "why, look out for squally weather. It's your neck or mine, and the choice at present lies with me." The fellow's eyes dropped, and he involuntarily fell back a step or two.

"And what does this mean?" I continued, pointing to the steam-gauge. "Only one hundred and sixty pounds—and you should have at least two hundred and twenty!"

"It's the coal," he answered, sullenly; "a rotten lot of slate and other truck. You can't stoke with such rubbishy stuff."

"It was the best Welsh steaming," I retorted, "for I sent General Czareska's order myself. Stand aside there; I want to have a look at the bunkers." McLeod made as though he would bar my passage, but quickly thought better of it, and I stepped into the fire-room. The stokers were hard at work, and the furnaces were apparently in full blast. I picked up a piece of coal and examined it carefully. It was undoubtedly Welsh and of the best quality. McLeod had lied to me, and he must be purposely wasting his steam.

"If you please, sir," and one of the coal-passers touched my sleeve. I turned and inquired what was wanting. "We're running very short in the bunkers, sir. At this rate they will be out before morning."

I stared open-mouthed at this messenger of Job. "You are crazy, man," I said, roughly, having found my tongue at last. "The bunkers were full up when we left Havre, and they are big enough for a month's steaming."

"Then there is some kind of devil work aboard," he returned, excitedly. "Will you look in here, sir?"

He led the way into one of the bunkers. The compartment seemed to be three-quarters full of coal, but when my man plunged a heavy fire-bar into the mass, it struck hard on some planking that lay only a few inches below the level of the fuel.

"And it's the same in all the others," he insisted, stubbornly. "There's this false bottoming in them all, so that they look to be full when they're only carrying about a quarter of their holding."

In a few minutes I had satisfied myself that such was actually the case. Here was another finger-mark of Mrs. Verriker's clever hands. Just how the trick had been played was beyond my knowledge, but the fact remained that we would be out of fuel within twelve or fifteen hours.

Crioche I knew to be above suspicion, and the job of putting the false bottoms in the bunkers might easily have been done during his absence from the yacht two weeks ago, when the General had summoned him to Paris to receive his final instructions.

But there was one person who must have known about this dirty piece of business, and that man was, of course, McLeod, the chief. He had been in charge at the time when the yacht was coaling, and he was either directly concerned in the plot or criminally neglectful of his duties.

I went back into the engine-room with one hand upon the revolver that I carried in a side pocket. I glanced at the steam-gauge. It indicated two hundred and fifteen pounds, and just then Berton, the first assistant, entered to begin his watch.

"You will act as chief until further orders," I said, calling him up to me, "and I want the very best that you can get out of her. I will see you again in a moment."

I turned to McLeod. The man's face looked like a piece of wet paper, and his knees were shaking. "March!" I said briefly, and I forced him to precede me up the companionway. There was no need for any more words, and he went into his state-room without the least show of resistance. Then returning to the engine-room, I had a short talk with Berton. He denied all knowledge of the crooked work in the fire-room, and insisted that he only wanted a chance to prove his good faith. I told him that he could have it, but I was very plain as to what I expected of him. Coal or no coal, the *Sea Fox* must continue to make from twenty-eight to thirty knots an hour until further orders.

Going on deck, I looked again at the log. We were making twenty-six knots, and should be gaining on the *Diane*. At our present rate of speed the coal should hold out until two or three o'clock in the morning. In the mean time we must open the gap as wide as possible.

All this meant a complete upset for our plans, but there was no help for it. Without coal, we could not hope to keep at sea indefinitely, and assuredly I had no fancy for being overhauled by the torpedo-boat-destroyer and carried back to France to answer to the serious charges that would be brought against me. Of course, if we made port to-morrow, I should have failed to carry out General Czareska's orders, and the Baron would have his liberty a week ahead of time. But, after all, what difference could it make whether the banker owed his release to the captain of the *Diane* or to the French consul at Lisbon? We were beaten in either event.

It was a long, anxious afternoon, and I spent it in pacing the quarter-deck, with one eye always on the patent log that was spinning astern. And I must have made at least twenty trips to the engine-room. Berton was doing splendidly, but the furnaces, under forced draught, were eating up the coal at a fearful rate. We calculated that it would be out by three o'clock in the morning if we kept on driving the yacht at her maximum of speed. Yet there was nothing else to do, at least until darkness fell. In the mean time I smoked more than was good for me, and almost succeeded in keeping pace with the Baron. At seven o'clock I had a bit of supper served to me in the chart-room, and then waited with growing impatience for the twilight to darken into night. At eight I could no longer see the hands of my watch, and I determined that the time had come.

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CHAPTER XVIII

A STERN-CHASE

IN order that the reader may understand what follows, I will set down again, as briefly as may be, the particulars of the situation in which we found ourselves. Our objective-point was now Lisbon, but between us and the Portuguese coast lay the enemy. The mast-head light of the *Diane* was plainly visible over our port quarter, and Crioche calculated that she was hardly six miles away. We could not possibly get so far ahead as to be able to cut across her bows in safety; the Frenchman would have us pocketed the instant we departed from the parallel lines in which the two vessels were steaming. If, however, we stopped our engines, the *Diane* would quickly run ahead of us, and we should then have room under her stern in which to make the final dash for Lisbon. Excellent strategy, but it depended upon the presumption that the captain of the *Diane* would be obliging enough to overrun us by just that necessary margin of two or three miles. As a matter of fact, he would probably discover without delay that we had we should have the rail on our pursuers and Lisbon under our bows.

It is hardly necessary to say that I had given strict orders against showing a light of any description. I even compelled the Baron to dispense with his eternal cigar, and there was only the carefully shrouded glimmer of the binnacle-lamp to relieve the coal-black obscurity in which we were racing along.

Suddenly the *Diane's* green side-light disappeared, and only the red light on the port side remained to show that she was passing us. A few minutes later and that too went out of sight; the *Diane* was now steaming almost directly away from us, and we had shaped our course for Lisbon.

The Baron and I clasped hands with a spontaneous impulse, and for the moment I forgot entirely the curious relations in which we stood; it seemed quite natural that his sympathies should so evidently incline to our side.

"The first blood, Baron!" I cried, exultantly. Then my voice died away in my throat; I became conscious that I had crowed a bit too soon. The *Diane* had suddenly shown both her side lights again, and

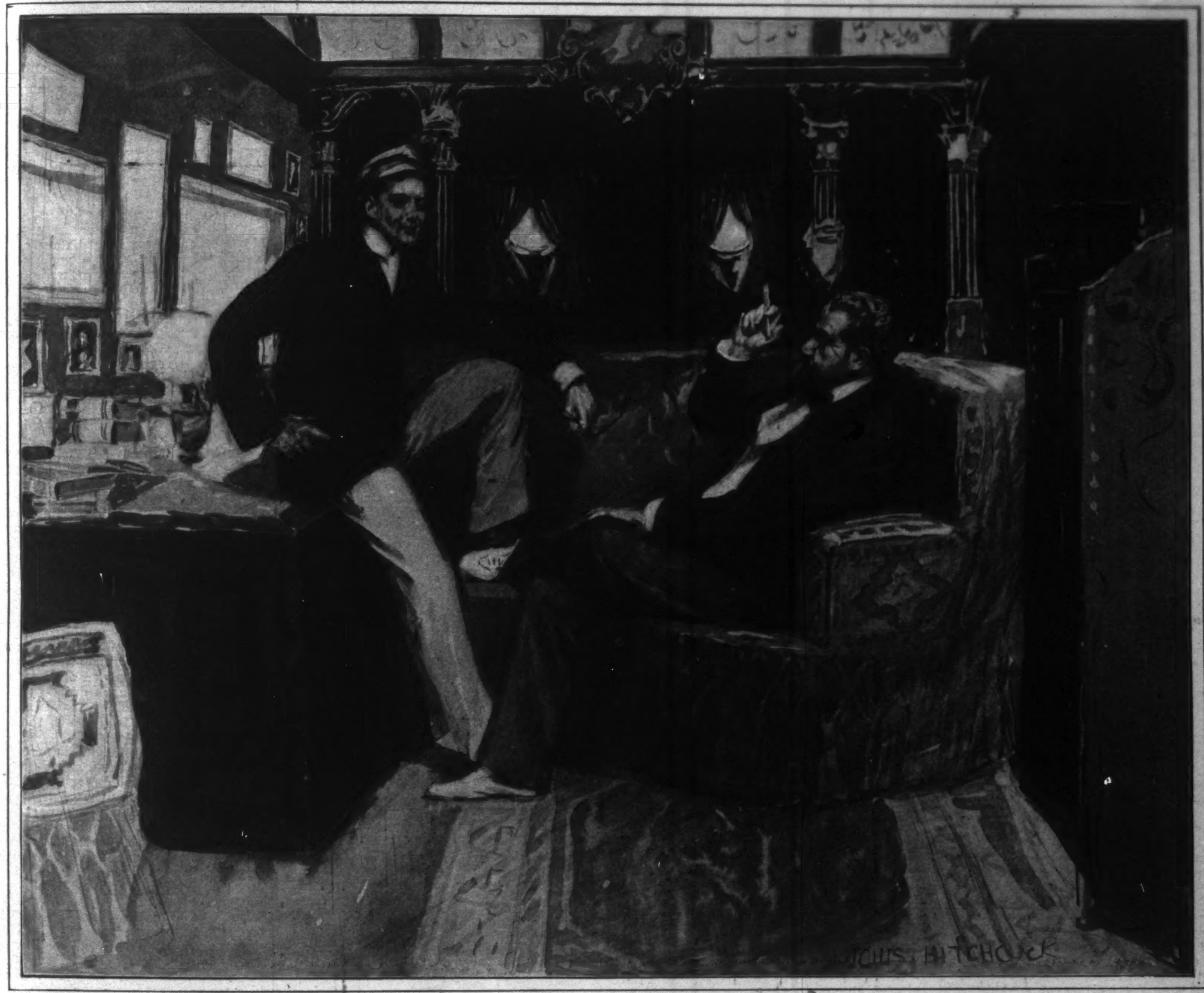
Calling Pierre, the boatswain, to follow me, I jumped below. There was no outward evidence of a light in Mrs. Verriker's room, but so clever a woman would never neglect the obvious precaution of stopping up threshold crack and key-hole. I rapped at the door and demanded admittance. Madame answered obstinately that she had retired for the night, and that compliance with my request was impossible. Argument being futile under the circumstances, I ordered Pierre to set his shoulder to the door. Crack! and it had parted with its hinges. Mrs. Verriker was discovered sitting at the table and placidly working on her embroidery frame.

With the briefest of apologies I blew out the lamp, which was swinging directly in front of the unshaded port-hole, and turned to go.

"At least, sir, you will have the decency to have my door replaced," remarked madame, icily.

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Verriker. The door will probably be needed for another purpose, and since you have not retired, I really think you would find it more comfortable on deck. Allow me."

Of course she had to obey, and I left her in charge



"I FOUND THE BARON IN THE CHART-ROOM."

stopped our engines, and his first thought would be to bear straight down upon the *Sea Fox* rather than to keep running away from her.

It was an old, old trick that I had in mind. Nothing more than a false floating-light, the last resort of the salt-water novelists. But it had come to that with us. If the trick worked, we should get that coveted inside place, and have at least a run for our life.

Crioche had been at work preparing the weighted barrel that was to carry the lantern, and at a given signal our side and mast-head lights were extinguished, and the floating beacon lowered into the water. Then the *Sea Fox* was headed away on a long diagonal to her former course, and on a line which should bring us plump across the destroyer's bows. But we calculated that the Frenchman, having noticed that our false light was stationary, would change *his* course, and bear down upon it in the hope of finding the yacht disabled from some accident to her machinery.

They were assuredly keeping a sharp lookout on the *Diane*, for hardly five minutes had elapsed before her red port-light flashed into view, indicating that she had changed her course, and was running down upon our floating beacon. It seemed too good for belief that the trick had really come off, but the *Sea Fox* was doing her best now, and in a very few minutes this meant, of course, that she had discovered the trick, and had spun round on her heel to take up the chase after the real quarry. And apparently she had picked us up without the smallest appearance of uncertainty, for she was plunging along at full speed, dead in our wake.

Well, we are holding our own again, but still the sharp bow of the torpedo-boat-destroyer keeps pointing dead on our stern-post, and she is marking us down as exactly as though we had been lit up for a ball. And yet, cabin and deck, the *Sea Fox* is in absolute darkness, not the glimmer of a match-head showing anywhere, and, as I have said already, the night is cloudy and darker than the ordinary. It is very perplexing, and even more alarming. Is the *Sea Fox* leaving a veritable scent, that these dogs-of-war are running her so closely?

The patent log was working unevenly, and I thought it possible that it might be partially fouled with seaweed. I leaned over the taffrail and gave the cord a jerk or two in order to free it. As I did so my eye caught a yellow glint of light shooting out over the half-acre of foam churned up by our screws. There it was again! There could be no mistake—a light must be showing at one of the cabin stern-posts. Then I remembered that Mrs. Verriker was a prisoner in an after state-room, and I anathematized my stupidity.

of the Baron, who would see that she did not get into any new mischief. Then I sent for Berton, and received his assurance that the coal would hold out until after two o'clock. In the mean time I should be preparing another kind of diet for those insatiate gluttons, the furnaces.

The *Sea Fox* was a topsail schooner in rig, and I quickly had men aloft sending down the lighter spars and yards, which the carpenter and his mates proceeded to cross-cut into convenient lengths for the fire-boxes. Then the topmasts were unshipped and lowered—a heavy job, but old Crioche understood his business, and the *Sea Fox* carried a large crew. Fortunately we had plenty of axes and saws, and every man could be put to work. Even the cook and the cabin stewards could be employed in ripping out the cabin fittings and lighter wood-work.

At fifteen minutes after two o'clock Berton sent word that the coal was about gone, and I organized a line of passers to hand the new fuel down the fire-room hatchway. And then the sport began in earnest.

The wood was light and dry, and burned freely in the intense draught of the furnaces. There was a continuous stream of sparks at the funnel-mouth, and the incandescent particles shooting high in the air made a beacon that might be seen for miles. It was a true pillar of fire for the guidance of our enemies, and of course any further concealment of our posi-

tion and intentions was now impossible. The *Diane* had been edging away from the direct line ever since the extinguishment of the guiding light in Mrs. Verriker's window, but now she was at our heels again.

On and on we worked under the blistering showers of sparks that fell from the smoke-stack, choked with eddying, acrid vapors, blinded with sweat and dust, but working on just the same. My brave fellows! they shall be well paid for their devotion, when Fortune's wheel begins to turn again.

The Prince had come on deck, and was watching the proceedings impassively, with now and then a whispered word to Mrs. Verriker. But the Baron! Ah, the incomparable Baron! Actually he did the work of two or three men, cutting and sawing with the best of them, joking with the valiant, cheering the faint-hearted, and never forgetting to keep one eye on the patent log and the other on the *Diane's* mast-head light. What should we have done without the help of this excellent man? Who could resist admiring this large-hearted sportsman, who could sink all personal feeling so completely in his generous ardor that the game should be played to a finish? My compliments, Baron Kerker.

Two, three, four hours passed, and the *Sea Fox* was still making the running. But the *Diane* was unquestionably gaining, and we must be almost, if not quite, within range of her bow rifles. I wondered at first that she did not use them, but her commander had undoubtedly received his orders against doing anything that might imperil the safety of our distinguished bone of contention.

Crioche had calculated that in another hour, or by seven o'clock, we should be over the three-mile line, but it would be touch-and-go, for our men were becoming exhausted under the strain of continuous hard work, and the steam-pressure was dropping steadily.

"Oil," suggested the Baron. A happy thought, and instantly adopted. A barrel of kerosene was hoisted out of the forepeak, and the Baron, arming himself with a watering-can, set to work with all the enthusiastic energy of a *pétroleur*. The wood was thoroughly sprayed with the oil, and under the fierce draught of the blowers it melted away in the fire-boxes as though it had been so much tissue-paper. Again the needle of the steam-gauge pointed to a working pressure, and the *Sea Fox* sprang ahead for one last effort. And there was Lisbon light dead on the starboard bow.

It was just seven o'clock, or six bells in the morning watch, when the yacht dashed over the three-mile line. The *Diane* had by this time drawn up to within a couple of miles, and she might easily have pounded us to pieces had she dared to use her guns. As it was, she could only show her teeth, not use them, and our heels had been just long enough to take us into cover. The men cheered and laughed as the destroyer fired a blank shell, and then altered her course, in intimation that she had abandoned the chase. She gave us the courtesy of dipping her ensign, a politeness that we were unable to return in kind, seeing that everything was flush with the deck. So the Baron waved his handkerchief, and we went on our way.

Two hours later and I stood on the landing-quay at Lisbon, having left Crioche in charge of the dismantled hull of the once beautiful *Sea Fox*. Mrs. Verriker, the Baron, and du Midi had gone ashore with me, but I had received no intimation of their intentions. There could be no compulsion now; it was for every one to go ahead and do what was right in his or her eyes.

While we were waiting for the baggage to be examined, I noticed that the Baron and du Midi were engaged in earnest conversation, with Mrs. Verriker standing by in silence. Suddenly the Baron turned to her and said a few words of interrogation. Mrs. Verriker nodded a quiet assent, and du Midi's face changed strangely. He spoke to her himself, and it was evident that she was reiterating her former statement. Then du Midi stepped back, while the Baron escorted the lady to a carriage, and installed her therein with ceremonious politeness. The carriage rolled away, and the two men walked over to where I was standing. The Chevalier looked strangely agitated; he put out his hand, and I took it, wondering what had happened.

"I have just come to a realization of my folly," he said, with passionate quickness. "But even now it may not be too late. I go to rejoin General Czareska by the first train out. You were my friend, Cary, and perhaps you will judge me less harshly when you know all. But not here—the railway station—here is an empty coach—in with you, Nicholas, for God's sake!"

I turned to the Baron. "And you?" I said, inquiringly.

"I will take the box-seat," returned that gentleman as he mounted nimbly to the driver's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RECENT POLO SEASON AND ITS PROMISE

BY DAVID GRAY

MR. H. L. HERBERT, who might very properly be called the "Dean of American Polo," some years ago ventured a prophecy which the past year has given good promise will be fulfilled. "Polo," he said, "is a game which is bound to win a wide-spread and lasting popularity in America. Americans have the dash, the nerve and

horsemanship which the game requires. It appeals to them. It is a game which requires comparatively little ground. It can be played near large cities. Most important of all, it requires relatively but little time. It is a game which business men can play, and it is a game in which they will find the most complete relaxation."

When Mr. Herbert made this prediction, the eye of faith was needed to foresee its fulfilment. Polo, for what seemed a long time was restricted to a few clubs in the vicinity of New York and Boston and the club in Buffalo. To-day there are no less than twenty clubs in the National Polo Association, extending from Philadelphia to Boston along the Atlantic coast and reaching west to St. Louis, and still polo as an American sport is yet in its infancy. A quarter of a century is very young for a game that in India has been played since the dawn of history. But already it has made great strides, and it is reasonable to expect that the next quarter of a century will work a much more rapid spread of the game than has the past.

In view of certain circumstances the past season might very properly be looked upon as the beginning of a new era of American polo. Match play, which usually begins in May, began this year in March. An Association tournament was actually held at Aiken, North Carolina, in that month. And long before the fields in other northern localities were in condition to be played upon, the mild climate and sandy soil of Lakewood, and, above all, Mr. George Gould's interest, brought about a series of excellent matches and almost daily practice. In fact the three polo-fields maintained by Mr. Gould at "Georgian Court" has made Lakewood a conspicuous polo centre, and a new and important factor in the development of the game. The effect of beginning the season two months earlier than usual was noticeable in the increased interest in polo all over the country, and perhaps also in the better form shown in the earlier tournaments in the North.

Another significant fact which the matches of the past season have established is the very general improvement in the class of play on the part of the newer clubs. During the early days of American football it will be remembered that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were in a class by themselves. No other teams could even give them a hard match. Very much the same conditions have prevailed at polo. The championship has lain between the Rockaway, Meadowbrook, or Myopia players, and no other teams have been able to compete with them on even terms. The team put in the field by Westchester several years since, on which the Messrs. Waterbury made their appearance, foreshadowed a change in the situation, but it is only now that the standard of play and of horses may be said to have improved so generally that the original triumvirate of polo clubs must look closely to their laurels. The performance of Dedham in winning the championship at Brooklyn, although entered in the

junior branch of the championship tournament, shows what may be expected from almost any club where good but not necessarily brilliant players make a close study of the game, and drill themselves in combination.

A significant instance of improvement in form consequent upon the springing up of new and younger players is to be found in the results of the season's play at Buffalo. The club at Buffalo was the second club to be formed in America, and the first match between American polo clubs was played between a four from Buffalo and the team on which Mr. F. Gray Griswold and Mr. August Belmont played at Newport in 1877. For over twenty years four of the Messrs. Cary of Buffalo have played almost continuously, and have been the mainstay of polo interests in their community. During the past September, however, they were decisively beaten by a team of younger players, two of whom, the Messrs. Milburn, were boys under twenty years of age. Many of the older polo clubs are having similar experiences, all of which point to the healthy growth and development of the sport.

Though polo has been somewhat slow in gaining the support of the classes to which it might reasonably be expected to appeal, its strength is a sound one. Tennis and golf each spread upon its introduction into this country with the contagion of a fad. It was necessary in the case of tennis to wait until golf put in an appearance to estimate its real strength as a national sport, and it will be necessary to wait until the wane of the golf fad to weigh truly the real popularity of golf. Polo, however, came unassisted by any such hysteria. The expense, if not the activity, which the game demands prevented weak-minded young men from playing at it merely because it was "the thing." The men who have played polo, and have brought it to the present stage of its development, have played because it appealed to them, and because they believed it the best of games. And the number of such is likely continually to increase. As there is no fad to collapse, it is unlikely that there will be abandoned polo-fields as there have been abandoned tennis-courts. No man who has ever played polo well will contentedly devote himself to another game. Its speed supplies an exhilaration and a certain excitement which once tasted is never forgotten. The almost limitless possibilities for developing accurate play on both sides of the horse furnish a problem which no man can ever absolutely master.

Unlike almost all other games, polo is nearly as interesting to the spectator as to the player. The polo match already has become a feature in our social life. Whether the onlooker is familiar with the game or not, from the time the ball is thrown upon the field to the time the gong marks the end of the last period there is never a dull moment for him. The object of the game is obvious. The hard hitting, the dashes down the long stretch of green turf, the clever angle shots for goal, and the riding-off appeal to the layman as to the expert. The apparent confusion of men and ponies going at top speed,

suddenly wheeling, jostling, turning, and twisting, missing collisions by the breadth of a hand—all furnish an apprehensive excitement which is the vital element of all absorbing spectacles. Between the periods the traps drawn up along the side lines, and the people who visit among them, lend a gayety and life to the scene which is lacking in other games.

The welfare of polo and the development of high-class play very largely depend upon the existence of two or more teams in the same neighborhood, so that inter-club matches are possible without shipping the horses long distances. Such conditions already exist along the Atlantic coast. There are two well-established clubs at Philadelphia, and a third during the past season has opened a field at Bryn-Mawr. In the vicinity of New York, that is to say, at Hempstead, Cedarhurst, and Westchester, there have been more or less regular practice and yearly tournaments. The permission granted by the Westchester Country Club to Troop A to use its excellent field has done much to revive the interest in polo at this latter point. There is, besides, a polo club at Staten Island. In the vicinity of Boston two clubs, the Dedham and Myopia, play regularly, and there is a third polo-field at the Country Club at Brookline. In the three Western cities, Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis, where the game is played, the advantage of near-by rivals does not exist. But it is only a question of a few years, in all probability, before the conditions which inspired polo at these places will be repeated in such cities as Cleveland, Detroit, Rochester, St. Paul, and Cincinnati. This would result in an active rivalry between the Western clubs and the possible establishment of two or more teams in the larger of these cities. Chicago, for example, is quite as able to support three polo clubs as Philadelphia, and is not unlikely to do so in the course of the next twenty years.

The American system of handicapping, while often criticised, has abundantly vindicated itself, and is admirably calculated to assist in developing the game. The results of the matches of the past season prove that it has been applied in the main with success. In England all matches are played without handicapping. With us every player who belongs to a club that is a member of the National Polo Association is rated as being worth from zero to ten goals to his team. In a match the aggregate number of goals allotted to all the members of each team are compared, and the difference is allowed to the side with the smaller total handicap. Thus a weak team may play practically on even terms with a strong one, for it begins the game with points to its credit, which its opponent must make up in actual play. As a class of players more nearly equal is developed the need of this system decreases; but it has certainly proved a most effective way of classifying players, and no serious suggestion thus far has been made to abolish it.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

EDMOND ROSTAND'S second play seen in this country goes to fulfil the promise of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and to prove that the author of the first great poetic drama that France or any other country has produced in many a day is a real dramatic genius. The first of his works to awaken the admiration of the world might have been an accident that would never be repeated. But "The Eaglet" possesses nearly every quality that made the Gascony drama great, and it shows in some respects an advance over the playwright's art as it existed when that was written. Rostand is a poet as well as a dramatist, and that quality gives greater beauty to his works in French, even though it is not appreciable in their English form. It would take as much of a poet as the French author to do his verse into English with the same power it possesses in the original, so that element in the French success of his plays has never been effective here. Deprived of it and removed to an atmosphere in which the merely national features of the work have little or no value, if they are not a positive defect from some view-points, the two plays of the author's have easily proved the most notable contributions that the literature of the stage has known in years. Louis H. Parker's translation of "The Eaglet" is finished, serviceable, and quite without inspiration. It serves its purpose and does it better than the English version of the dramatist's play which Richard Mansfield used. The merits of the drama are not to be obscured, however, by any weakness in its language. "The Eaglet" would remain a great play through the beauty and imagination of its episodes if its speeches were clothed in the crudest words. None of the recent French plays that have treated the Napoleonic theme are in its same grand style. "Mme. Sans-Gêne" was the work of a skilful playwright, and "More than Queen" an episodic series of spectacles. "The Eaglet" is not of their kind. Imagination, pathos, tragedy, and poetic beauty are to be found in this play as they exist only in the works of the great men of the theatre, and these are so rare to-day that one must look in vain for these qualities in every contemporary play but "Cyrano de Bergerac." That the author has used historical facts with an eye to his own purpose, rather than the perpetuation of the truth, does no harm to the value of his work. That has always been the privilege of the dramatist, and the greatest example of it can be found in our own literature. The Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Louise, was doubtless much more the dissipated weakling of history than the ambitious, irresolute, despondent, yet in the main attractive hero of Rostand's play. If the dramatist has altered history to his own purposes, he has done it with such effect that criticism cannot reasonably be uttered against it. If it were necessary to defend his action, it might be said that the real Duke of Reichstadt would have furnished no inspiration whatever to a dramatist, whereas Rostand's creation, half imaginative, half real, is the excuse for this fine drama.

Miss Maude Adams as the "Duke of Reichstadt," in "L'Aiglon," and Mr. Edwin Arden as "Prince Metternich."

THE play uses only the last years of the *Duke's* life. He is at Schoenbrunn with his mother and under the care of *Metternich*, who keeps him a prisoner, in fear of the outbreak which so many are plotting. The *Duke* has just reached his majority, the French under Louis Philippe are talking affectionately of him, and the efforts to keep from him the knowledge of his father's career have failed. The youth is sullen and rebellious under his servitude to *Metternich*, and dreams vaguely of the heritage that should be his. The beginning of the conspiracy to carry him back to France and revive the glories of the Napoleonic days, the feeble *Duke's* half-hearted and halting desire to carry out the plan, his defeat by *Metternich*, and his death, are the episodes seen in the play. They are diversified by beautiful incident, such as that in which the Eaglet with his toy soldiers, painted first in the Austrian colors in order to remove all suggestion of his father's armies, gives a pathetic parody of the great warrior's triumphs. Other episodes that stand out from the general progress of the drama come when *Metternich*, determined to crush forever all ambition in the youth's mind, takes him before a mirror and bids him study his weak face and learn how incapable he is of ever fulfilling his ambitions, arousing in the youth such a paroxysm of rage that he dashes the candelabra into the glass and shatters the image; and when at the meeting of the conspirators on the haunted field of Wagram, the *Duke's* faithful servitor, *Flambeau*, kills himself rather than surrender to the police, and the moaning wind seems to the frightened Eaglet, in the presence of death for the first time, to be the voices of the wounded and dying in the great battle. It closes with a strikingly dramatic moment. The little *Duke* in his anguish hears the sounds of a trumpet in the distance, and the thought of military glory comes once more into his head. But it is not the army coming to salute the victor after the battle as he dreams, only the Austrian regiment of which the *Duke* is lieutenant, marching to its manœuvres. With the idea of battle still in his mind, he rushes sword in hand at the first of the soldiers. An officer's words recall him, and dropping his hand, he defers to his destiny. He calls out automatically a salute to the body of his dead comrade, and the soldiers begin their drill. The *Duke* is resigned in the last act to the death which his malady has threatened for years. He asks only that the ceremonial of his baptism be read to him, and that he be called once more King of Rome and son of Napoleon. The futility of even his last ambition in life is shown when *Metternich*, as soon as his eyes are closed, orders that he be clothed in the Austrian uniform.

LITERARY men, and Rostand deserves that distinction if a dramatist ever did, have won recognition in the theatre for infinitely less poetic verse and imaginative scenes than "The Eaglet" contains, and playwrights who possessed less skill in their craft have achieved renown for their technical facility. "The Eaglet" combines both these qualities in a high degree. Victorien Sardou might have devised its most interesting scenes, but could never have suggested its poetic or literary quality, or its freedom from the narrowness of the average dramatist's range of subjects. The big emotions that inspire the action of the play, its comprehensive view of humanity, and its contemplation of life, are of course impossible to any other dramatist of the present day in France or out of it.

IT is only in representing these qualities of the drama that its performance at the Knickerbocker is unsatisfactory. None of this great spirit that the situations so frequently demand is present to animate the scenes and give them their just value. So much of the dramatic interest in the piece depends wholly on the character of the *Duke of Reichstadt* that *Flambeau* and *Metternich* are the only other rôles that would tax the actor's skill to any degree. This mentioned fault of performance seems to arise from a misconception of the style in which such a play should be acted by nearly all of those concerned, with the exception of Miss Adams, and in the Wagram scene she strikes the right note of the performance so truthfully that the absence of power and any large emotion in the acting generally makes itself felt. Nothing else that the charming representative of "The Eaglet" does in the play quite reaches the force and abandon of her acting in that moment, and at no other time in her career has she ever given evidence of such power. She is always the most satisfying feature in the play, and in view of what she actually accomplishes, it would be unfair to call the result of her experiment in such an arduous rôle other than entirely successful. Her assumption of masculinity is, in the first place, as thorough as any actress could make it, and one never thinks of her as a masquerading woman after the first few scenes of the play are over. Not a trace of the character escapes her understanding, and if there are emotions to which she cannot give full expression and force, there are none that she does not suggest always with her intelligence and the graciousness of her strong personal charm. The part of "The Eaglet" touches nearly every note in the range of theatrical expression. Not alone vehemence and emotion are there, but so are repose and ease, that are sometimes so much more difficult to assume. Miss Adams comes creditably through every episode, when she does not deserve higher praise. Barring the breadth and power revealed in the climax of the Wagram scene, she was naturally at her best when her humor or tenderness could assert itself in the same way that has won so many admirers for her in the past. The general performance is adequate, if it can be conceded that such a method of acting a great play can ever represent its beauties fully. The long list of characters contains few that have many words to speak. It suggests the historic personages of the time more strongly than the action of the play, for not many of the subordinates are distinguishable in the groups that contain them. Some of those less in the foreground are *Fanny Elssler*, oddly made an agent of the Bonapartists, the plotting *Countess Camerata*, the *Emperor Francis of Austria*, *Doctor Malfatti*, and *Thalberg*. The costumes they wear are beautiful and appropriate, and they move in scenes that could not be improved on by any facilities of the American stage. Charles Frohman has given the performance of Rostand's work every care it deserved, and the representation is, as a whole, highly creditable in the manner that every detail of it has been cared for. It is only in the spirit with which the actors have approached such an imaginative and impassioned work that there is fault to be found. Louis Parker's text is generally well adapted to delivery, and most of it reaches the audience. The ensemble scenes of the play, if they may be described in that way, are especially difficult, because there is scarcely a line spoken by even the most unimportant figures that has not its particular significance. This is shown by the opening scene, which well reveals the situation at Paris, where the son of Napoleon is sharing the revival of affection for his father. These scenes must be alertly and clearly played or they lose their value and are merely confused tedium. They have their full meaning in the present performance, and it is generally true of the representation that the purport of its main scenes is kept distinctly in view.

THERE are other parts of the play than its glorification of the dead Napoleon that do not appeal with great force to an American audience. Its revision has been well done, although it seems that some of the Napoleonic rhapsodies might be further eliminated. No less uninteresting are the episodes in which the *Duke* discusses his amours. Luckily there is little of this, and interesting as it may have been to French audiences, its suggestion could be spared entirely in English. The patriotic outbreaks must have added greatly to the enthusiasm with which the French people received the play, but they are wearisome here, and interfere with the progress of the action.

MRS. LE MOYNE, who was not so well placed in her first appearance because she could no longer be made the heroine of amatory adventure, has once more attracted attention by acting in a strange little play, by Israel Zangwill, who calls his drama "The Moment of Death," or the "Never, Never Land." Mrs. Le Moyne played two of the scenes admirably, but they were the shortest in the little drama. For its most engrossing episode she is not so well suited, and possibly for that reason Mr. Zangwill's original, absorbing, and depressing sketch will probably be seen for only a short time. It will always be much more interesting to students of the theatre than to the public, which is inclined to look for entertainment. The author's purpose in writing such a drama is more evident than the wisdom of presenting it on the stage.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THERE are obvious reasons why Professor Atwater of Wesleyan University should not join the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but no sound reason presents itself why the W. C. T. U. should not join Professor Atwater, at least to the extent of taking advantage of his labors in behalf of temperance. Some of Professor Atwater's conclusions as to the nature and effects of alcohol have been so fiercely assailed by various Prohibitionist bodies and journals that there is danger of forgetting that the experiments which led the professor to the conclusions he has published were instigated, not by the rum power, but by a committee of gentlemen who were impressed by the evils of drink and were desirous to abate them. His discourse in the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Alcohol Physiology and Temperance Reform" makes it clear that he is as much inclined to fight the drink evil as any one is. But he believes in being as near right as possible before going ahead, and that statements that won't hold water won't withhold rum. He points out what he considers the inaccuracies of statement in the temperance text-books provided for use in the schools. He would have these inaccuracies corrected, not that the influence of the text-books may be lessened, but that it may be increased. The evident purpose of his article is not controversy nor self-justification, but simply the disclosure of the truth. It behooves all assailants of him and his recent statements to read what he says, and thereby qualify themselves the better for intelligent and effectual action in behalf of temperance, the need of which he feels quite as strongly as they do.

IN a speech made last month at a Bryan meeting in New York, the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston, is reported to have said: "With our backs to the wall, we (of Massachusetts) promise the Democracy of New York that Leonidas-like, we will hold the bridge." The captious Boston newspapers are after him because they can't recall that Leonidas held any bridge. Maybe not, but the great trouble with Mr. Fitzgerald's assurance is that the bridge which it was expedient to hold for Bryan was not in the Bay-State, but at the upper end of Manhattan Island. No man who could hold the bridge over the Harlem against the up-State Anti-Croker host need be beholden to history for a name.

THERE is a disposition which seems praiseworthy to minimize the use of armor by football-players. A fashion has obtained of wearing helmets made in part of sole-leather, and of using sole-leather pads on the elbows and knees, of which some of the football purists have been complaining. The objection is, not that these pads protect their wearers, but that they damage the other fellows. Contact, it will be recalled, is frequent and fierce in football. It is complained that when a heavy player armored on top with sole-leather plunges headlong into a bunch of players, he hurts the men he hits more than is consistent with the best interests of the game. So, too, sole-leather knee-pads and elbow-pads make the joints they cover unduly hard. It feels bad to be nudged in a soft place by a man with heels on his elbows. It is a rule of football that no player shall wear projecting nails or metal plates on his shoes, or any hard substance on his person that the umpire thinks may injure another player. Helmets are thought to be inconsistent with this rule. At Yale, we are told, they have been given up because they did too much execution in practice games, and now Yale men merely tie their ears on with tapes. The Pennsylvania men, also, are opposed to helmets. It seems as if there ought either to be more football armor, or less. If players could be induced to play barefoot, it would save some hard thumps and induce caution, or if complete suits of sole-leather could be provided, that might do. What does not seem right is that points of offence should be made hard, and receptive surfaces left unprotected.

A RAILROAD that stirs the imagination is that now in course of construction from Sault Ste. Marie to Hudson Bay. It is all on Canadian soil, but it runs north and south. Forty-five miles of it are finished. A hundred miles more will be completed next year, which will carry it up to the line of the Canadian Pacific. From there north the land is absolutely wild, and its possibilities are little known except as the prospectors sent out by this road —the Algoma Central—have reported on them. They tell of enormous forests with spruce enough to make the world's paper for centuries, and other woods in proportion; of mines of all sorts; of farming lands, and miscellaneous richness. No doubt persons already infirm may live to see the Northwest make its annual trips to London by way of Hudson Bay.

IT is rather unwelcome news that Mr. Kipling wants to sell his house at Brattleboro, Vermont, but it is hardly unexpected. He has been growing more and more British for two years past, and more and more inextricably associated with British imperialism. He sues our publishers, and is exceptionally jealous of his author's rights in this country; he is probably displeased with our half-hearted attitude towards British enlargement in South Africa. Yet it can hardly be for either of these reasons that he is shaking our dust off his feet, nor yet from any doubt of our interest in him, or of our appetite for his deliverances. Doubtless it is only because he cannot live in two countries, and prefers the one that he belongs to. He had some vexatious and irritating experiences at Brattleboro, which doubtless shook the hold that his home there had on him, and it is likely that he has still other personal reasons for not wishing to go back there, so we must be resigned to losing him as an American land-owner. As a writer, the air of New England unquestionably agreed with him. He wrote as good stories in Vermont as he ever wrote anywhere. We wish he were coming back there to write more. His home now is at Rottingdean, near Brighton.

THE last week in October saw the end of two famous Englishmen whose names have been known to American readers for the last half-century. One was Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, born in 1821, who showed remarkable musical gifts in his childhood, and was trained in music. As he grew older he developed a wonderful voice and dramatic talent. He studied under competent masters in Italy, and made his début in opera in London in 1847. He was by far the best English tenor of his day, and England has not since produced his equal. His throat was delicate, and he used often to disappoint his audiences, which cost him some favor and much money. He was a spendthrift, too, and though his earnings were great while his voice held out, finally, when it failed, he came to bankruptcy and a Queen's pension. He died on October 26.

Two days later died Professor Friedrich Max Müller the great philologist. He, too, was an old man (born at Dessau, Germany, in 1823), and like Reeves, he showed a precocious talent for music. But at the University of Leipsic he found his true bent, studied Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Arabic under Brockhaus, and translated Sanscrit fables into German. This work made his first book. Continuing his studies in Berlin, he learned Persian, and went on to Paris, where he began the translation of the Rig-Veda. In this work the East India Company became interested, and that took him in 1847 to England and to Oxford, where in 1850 he became Professor of Modern Languages. In 1858 he became a Fellow of All Souls, and in 1868 the Corpus Professorship of Comparative Philology was created for him. The great work of his life, besides teaching, was the study of the literature of India, and the publication of many volumes of texts and translations of the sacred books of the Brahmans, the Sacred Hymn, and other monuments of Sanscrit literature. During the later years of his life he did a great deal of miscellaneous literary work, wrote his Reminiscences, which made an interesting and popular book, and was engaged upon his autobiography when he died. In 1896 he was appointed a privy councillor. His collection of learned degrees is said to have been the most complete in Europe.

A CONTEMPORARY institution, the usefulness of which is recognized just now in many communities, is the rummage sale. Several very successful ones have been held in Boston, and they are popular in most towns which have existed long enough for household effects to accumulate in the residents' garret. They are held for the benefit of any worthy object that needs help. Persons interested in the object rummage about at home, gather all the trash they are tired of storing, and send it to the sale. The household junk thus collected is sorted and sold for what it will bring. What is one woman's trash turns out often to be another's treasure. Old clothes sell readily, particularly old finery. Worn-out rubbers when gathered in sufficient quantity are readily disposed of by the pound. Shoes, pictures, carpets, furniture, books—anything that anybody doesn't want—seem to find buyers, and the buyers seem to find bargains. These sales are amusing, profitable, and very useful in providing an advantageous redistribution of property. Folks whose garrets are clogged get relief without having to burn their houses down, and folks whose houses are bare get something to fill them up with. Worthy objects get money, women get bargains, collectors get odd things in which they see a value, and children and cartmen get what is left.

THE amount of all moneys received up to October 1 by Governor Sayers of Texas for the benefit of the sufferers from the storm was $666,433 61, of which sum $148,571 came from Pennsylvania, $88,616 from New York, and $81,408 from Texas. There were other relief funds besides that in the hands of Governor Sayers, so that his report by no means covers all moneys given. In due time, when we have a report which covers all the relief which the Texas calamity called out, it will be possible to judge how amply the duty of succoring our distressed countrymen has been performed. What one most wonders at when he has read the story of the storm at Galveston is that there was any one left alive there to be helped.

COUNT ZEPPELIN seems to take his air-ship seriously as a machine that in considerable measure has solved the aerial navigation problem. It certainly worked better at its recent performances than it has worked before. When there is not too much wind it can go up and make a circle in the air and come down gently. So much it has done. But it is clumsy, and the believers in the aeroplane think little of it. In appearance it is like a steamship in the air, for it is a long, narrow balloon, made in compartments, with propellers to drive it and rudders to steer it by. Its projector has now got to the point where he can make his trials and experiments in the air instead of on land, and that is undeniably an advantage.

THE Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*, had lately an interesting experience of Sabbath-keeping in this exaggerated city. He thinks that no one should work on Sunday but ministers, and disapproves the running of street cars and all public and private conveyances, except, doubtless, on errands of necessity or mercy. His Sunday engagements a fortnight ago included morning service at Carnegie Hall and evening service at Sterling Place in Brooklyn. He was staying in Brooklyn. He walked from there over to New York to the day service and back to Brooklyn for his evening service, arriving an hour late for the latter and keeping 500 persons waiting. Some of the brethren who are less sweeping than he in their Sabbath-keeping convictions are disposed to smile at him. Nevertheless, he did well. There is nothing so instructive to a preacher, and especially to a rigid Sabbatarian, as to practise rigorously what he preaches. Nothing else will help him so much to arrive at a conclusion as to the precise point at which Sunday work should stop.

THE Yale Sophomore societies have settled their difficulties with the Yale faculty and taken out a new lease of life. The official announcement of the terms of settlement reads:

"Inasmuch as the Sophomore societies have formally voted to increase the aggregate number of men taken into the three societies to seventy-five in each class, by a system of gradual progressive election, and to defer until after Easter all hold-offs or pledges to Freshmen, the faculty has allowed these societies to take in their members-elect from the class of 1903."

This seems to mean that each society hereafter will have twenty-five members. The gains that come by the new plan, as President Hadley sees them, include an increase of members, which makes the societies more democratic; a better system of selection, which provides that men shall be judged by their own classmates, and more than heretofore on their merits as shown in college; the lessening of the connection between school politics and college politics by the postponement of pledges.

AT a meeting of Universalist ministers in Boston last week one of the brethren opened his heart on the subject of ministers' salaries. He felt deeply that they were too low, and thought ministers were paid only about half as much as lawyers and doctors of equal ability. He thought, for one thing, that a minister should be paid for officiating at funerals, where the family is in a position to give fees and are not attendants at his church. That point, at least, seems to be well taken. No reason suggests itself why, under such circumstances as stated, a funeral fee should not be willingly paid and accepted with resignation. The question of funeral fees often comes up, because cases in which they seem due are not uncommon, but they are rarely paid, and are omitted in most instances because the bereaved family does not feel at liberty to offer one.

ONE of the impressions that is received from reading the recent voluminous narrative of the abstractions of Mr. Alvord from the First National Bank in New York is that a misapprehension has hitherto existed as to the best use of the cages in which many bank officials work. These cages are very common. Mr. Alvord worked in one, and committed all his ingenious indiscretions behind a strong barrier of woven wires. But the purpose of the cage was not to keep Mr. Alvord in, but to keep other folks out. Now, if the banks could only extend a bit the use they make of cages, and employ them for purposes of retention as well as of exclusion, it would seem as if the safety of their valuables might be very greatly promoted. If the higher bank officers, who could not well be kept caged, should wear a prescribed costume, so that they might be more readily identified in public places, and their habits and general behavior kept under advisement, that, too, would be a useful innovation and one that would tend to ease the anxieties of depositors. The costume need not necessarily be striped, or unbecoming, or very conspicuous. Decent clothes as unobtrusive as those that clergymen wear would do, if only they told the story, and made every observer aware that their wearer occupied a position of trust, and ought not to be seen at horse-races, or in brokers' offices, or near a ticker, or indulging at any time in riotous pleasures.

Plaquette by Victor Brenner.

Commemorative of the Participation of the United States in the Paris Exposition of 1900.

*Mr. Dooley: Closes the Campaign**

MR. DOOLEY closed the Presidential campaign last night to a small but interested audience of Mr. Hennessy.

"This is th' last chanst I'll have to admonish ye befure th' iliction," said Mr. Dooley, "an' I want ye to give attintion to what I say. Next Choosdah ye'll go to th' polls an' perform that act which, me fellow-citizen, afther providin' f'r th' fam'ly, holdin' down a job, securin' a good night's r-rest, lookin' out f'r th' salvation iv ye'er soul, mendin' th' kitchen shtove-pipe, batin' th' childher, payin' th' rent, cuttin' th' cards, lavin' out th' pitcher f'r th' milkman, bringin' in th' coal an' windin' th' clock, is th' most sacred privilege iv an American citizen. How will ye exercise this proud birthmark, me counthryman? Answer me that."

"How ar-re ye goin' to do it ye'ersilf?" Mr. Hennessy demanded.

"Don't interrupt me, ye hoboe, ye hunker, ye vile, ignorant voter. Free speech is wan thing an' etiquette's another, ye loafer. Th' questions befure this people cannot be settled be such ruffyanly interruptors as th' likes iv ye. They must be decided be ca'm, quite, sober statesmen like Turrble Tiddy an' Dreadful Dooley, ye scoundhrel. Not another wurrud durin' this meetin'. As I was sayin' whin I was interrupted, it is f'r ye to decide next Choosdah whether th' flag iv this counthry shall be dhragged in th' mire or left to lay there; whether this counthry shall take its place among th' nations iv th' earth, or somewan else's; whether ye shall wurruk at a dollar an' a half a day f'r th' thrusts or f'r th' men composin' th' thrusts. Whin ye go into th' sacred temple iv American pathreetism in Mulligan's barber shop, an' th' high priest iv constitootyonal rights, Sarsfield Darsey, that was took up last year f'r stealin' coal, hands ye th' ballot that makes all men free, I bid ye thrust aside with riverent hands th' curtains iv th' holy cell on ye'er right, near th' cigar-case, utter a brief prayer an' find th' lead-pencil. Whin ye've got it, think iv th' condition our common counthry is in with nobody to live in it but people, an' nawthin' to grow but crops, an' nawthin' to sell but goods; think iv th' dangers iv th' ship iv state bumpin' ar-round fr'm rock to rock like a mountain goat; think iv Wash'nton not bein' here, or Jefferson or annywan excipt th' livin'. It's up to ye to settle this question wanst an' f'r all again. Poor, poor Hinnissy, what a weight is on ye'er bowed shouldhers; what cinchries to come must be guided be ye'er ability to make a mark in th' dark with th' stub iv a pencil in Mulligan's barber shop. Countless ginerations yet unborn, as they pick up th' mornin' pa-aper an' r-read iv another battle in th' Ph'lippeens, or dig down in their pockets an' find nawthin' but silver there at thirty cints a bushel, may curse or bless ye'er name."

"Glory be to Hiven!" exclaimed Mr. Hennessy. "All I'm goin' to do is to vote."

"I know," said Mr. Dooley, "but little do ye reck or calc'late or even think iv th' consequences. If ye don't spile ye'er ballot ye may be condimin' th' ages to servichood. So I say, approoch th' shrine with pious reflictions, an' thinkin' on'y iv th' good iv th' counthry an' th' blessin's iv civilization an' th' stars an' sthrips an' what not, put aside all other consideraations an' vote f'r me."

"F'r you?" Mr. Hennessy asked, aghast at the suggestion.

"That's r-right," said Mr. Dooley, complacently. "F'r me. Anny other way roon lies. If ye vote f'r Bryan ye vote f'r an empty dinner-pail. If ye vote f'r Mack ye vote f'r an empty coal-scuttle an' indygisthion. If ye vote f'r Woolley ye vote f'r an empty can. If ye vote f'r Debs ye vote f'r an empty head. Ye're sure to cast ye'er empty vote f'r something empty annyhow. If ye wud keep th' millstone iv th' Ph'lippeens ar-round th' neck iv fair Columbia, vote f'r Mack. If ye'd take it off an' give th' poor ol' thing somethin' else in th' neck, vote f'r Bryan. Wud ye be a slave to th' thrusts at a dollar an' a half a day, vote f'r Mack. Wud ye be a free workin'-man at a dollar a day, vote f'r Bryan. Ar-re ye in favor iv a debased cienage, thin vote f'r Bryan, who believed in it four years ago. Ar-re ye again' debased cienage, thin vote f'r Mack, who sthopped believin' in it five years ago.

"There ye ar-re. Vote f'r me, me fellow-citizen. What have I to say about th' questions iv th' day? says ye. Manny things. On th' Ph'lippeens question, I'm in favor iv lettin' go iv th' Ph'lippeens, but holdin' th' Ph'lippinos. Th' throuble up to this time is we've got th' islands, but th' inhabitants is elusive. On th' gr-reat question iv finance, I'm in favor iv money. I think ivrybody ought to have as much money as th' most prudent noteteller in all this fair land. What kind iv money? Th' kind that's nearest ye'er hand whin no wan's lookin'. As f'r thrusts, I'd desthroy thim. I'd take th' sthrongest measures. I'd tur-rn th' directors over to th' people that bought their stock a year ago.

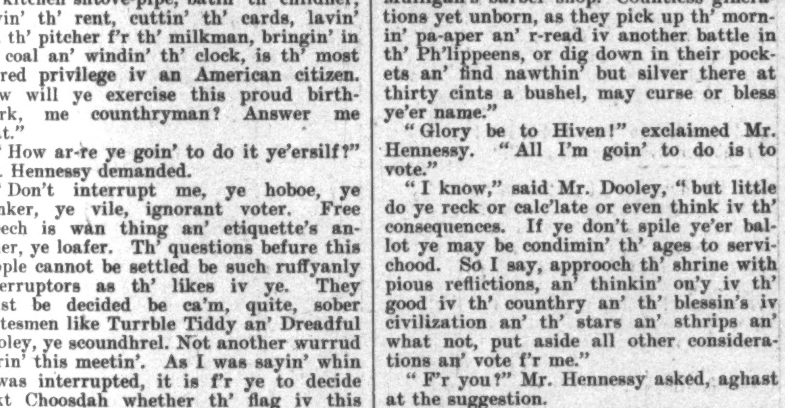
"But thim questions is thrivyal, Hinnissy. If ilicted by ye'er proud suffrage, I'll not bother ye'er poor head with Ph'lippeens an' finance an' thrusts. All thim things I'll r-run mesilf without assistance fr'm th' highply—which is ye. I promise ye if be anny chanst I rise to this lofty an' well-paid position, I'll see to it that ye wurruk whin they'se wurruk to do an' ye want to do it; that ye'll have ye'er house free, excipt f'r th' r-rent; that ye'll sleep whin ye haven't insomnya; that ye'll eat whin ye have food an' apetite; that ye'll live to a comfatable old age, if nawthin' happens to prevint, an' that ye'll die. I promise ye th' last without resarve. If it don't happen I'll pay th' dhrinks. Afther that I have nawthin' to do with ye. Ye can go to th' divvle. I'm in favor iv manny things I haven't mintioned. I'm in favor iv ivrybody bein' r-rich an' prosp'rous, th' r-right man gettin' th' r-right girl, th' childher growin' up fr'm angels to saints, dhrinkin' without dhrunkenness, life without sickness, th' glories iv war without th' list iv casulties, th' abatement iv fun'rals, gas-bills, an' discontint. But what I favor an' what I promise is two diff'rent things. Not bein' a pollytician much, though wanst I was without akel, an' havin' to live here where ye can throw a brick through me window whether I'm ilicted or not, I'll not offer to give ye th' things I'd like to see ye have, but th' things ye're sure to get. Now, ar-re ye with me?"

"Sure, I am not," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ongrateful man," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye have missed th' chanst to give ye'er counthry a Prisidint such as it has niver had. Gawd help America. It will now be no betther off Wensdah thin it was Choosdah."

F. P. DUNNE.

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.



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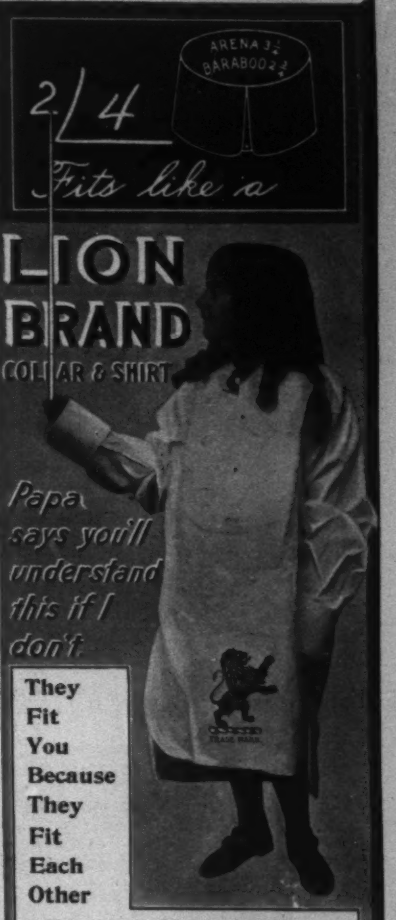

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THE NEW ORLEANS SUGAR EXCHANGE—BRISK TRADING.

Drawn from Life by W. A. Rogers.

The New Orleans Sugar Exchange

THE New Orleans Sugar Exchange is the only commercial body in the world which devotes itself exclusively to sugar. It was not originally intended to be confined to a single article, for, as its name, "the Sugar and Rice Exchange," indicated, it was to include not only sugar, but rice. At that time the two crops were closely related. They were cultivated in the same territory, and not a few planters grew both—sugar on their front well-drained lands, and rice on the rear lands liable to flood, for the rice-plant can stand an amount of water that will kill sugar-cane. Many planters planted their places in rice after a crevasse had killed the cane. The two crops were thus so kindred and allied that it was thought a single exchange would suffice for both. In the past ten years, however, they have been separating farther and farther, until there is now little bond of union between them. The rice industry has moved westward and settled on the prairies of southwestern Louisiana, and but little of the cereal is now grown in the sugar district. The methods of cultivation have changed the very farmers themselves, for the rice industry has largely fallen into the hands of Western men, who have dropped the old creole methods in vogue and have adapted to rice the agricultural implements and machinery and the methods used in growing wheat in the Northwest. The rice-merchants have therefore dropped out of the Sugar Exchange, and carried their business to the Board of Trade. The Sugar Exchange now confines itself to the sugar industry alone.

The exchange was organized in 1883, when the present building, on the river-front at the foot of Bienville Street, was constructed. At that time the sugar industry was in the most chaotic condition, with no fixed prices, and fluctuations that were ruinous. The Exchange stands all by itself, a stone and glass building with some pretensions to architecture, but designed more especially for business purposes, to give the most ample room for the display of samples of sugar, and to be thoroughly lighted and ventilated.

In front is a small place or triangle planted in palms—"Sugar Exchange Place." No exchange could be more centrally located, and perhaps no industry in the world is better concentrated. Immediately in front of the building, and within one hundred feet of it, is the sugar-landing, where the steamboats running in the sugar trade on "Upper and Lower Coasts" (of the Mississippi), Bayous Teche, Lafourche, and Courtableau, and the Atchafalaya River, discharge their cargoes. On the right, across the street, are the "sugar-sheds," belonging to the city, but which have been leased for twenty-five years to a private corporation. The lease has just expired, and the city has decided not to extend it, but to retain the sheds as a free warehouse for sugar. In front of the sheds and the Exchange run the Southern Pacific and other roads which bring the sugar by rail from the plantations, so that when it is discharged it has to be rolled but twenty or twenty-five feet to the warehouse. Facing the sugar-sheds on the upper side are the two big sugar-refineries, one—the Louisiana—to refine the home crop, and the other for imported sugar; and next to this is the cooperage, where the barrels are made in which the sugar is sent to market. On the neighboring streets are the offices of the merchants, brokers, buyers, and others dealing in sugar. A merchant therefore has to walk less than a block to see his sugar arrive by steamboat or railroad, to see it stored in the warehouse, transferred to the refinery, or shipped to the Northern market. The business is concentrated in a space of three squares, and therefore conducted with a minimum of trouble and expense.

There is the same concentration about the sugar industry of Louisiana. Although it supports 500,000 persons, its area is limited and the fullest information is obtainable. The exact acreage of the crop is known, the exact status of the cane at any time; and long before it is harvested the size of the crop can be told with wonderful accuracy, save in a case like last year, when, for some reason not yet explained, the cane contained only three-fourths of the sugar it should have had. The statistics kept by the planters are complete and thorough, probably the most thorough in any agricultural industry. This is possible because, while several thousand raise sugar-cane, the actual manufacture of sugar is confined to two hundred sugar-houses or refineries.

The New Orleans Sugar Exchange includes not only the sugar merchants and brokers, but the more prominent planters and the manufacturers engaged in manufacturing sugar-machinery. This gives it a broadness not usual in commercial exchanges. Its organization, and that of the kindred Louisiana Sugar-Planters' and American Sugar-Growers' associations, which meet there and may be considered part of the exchange, have revolutionized the business in New Orleans and Louisiana, and it now claims to be the most progressive and scientifically conducted in the world. Information is received by the exchange from all parts of the world as to the size and prospects of crops, supply, and stock on hand, and the latest discoveries in farming and mechanics that affect sugar. The exchange has helped New Orleans to retain its control of the sugar trade; it has enabled the industry to survive shocks that it was thought would kill it; and it has made New Orleans not only the centre of the sugar industry of Louisiana, but of America. A sugar experiment-station has been opened in New Orleans, which carries on a model farm and sugar-house, keeping the Louisiana planters informed as to all the most recent discoveries. A sugar-school has also been opened there in connection with Tulane University, to teach scientific methods of cane-growing and sugar-making, which school is patronized by Cubans and South Americans; and finally, the manufacturers of sugar-machinery in Louisiana, nearly all of whom are members of the exchange, have made such progress of late years that they are now supplying most of the machinery needed in Cuba, Mexico, and Central and South America, and a very considerable portion of that used in Hawaii.

In all considerations of the sugar tariff by Congress the New Orleans exchange has been asked for its views; and they have generally been found of great value in framing a satisfactory measure.

Notes of a Bookman

THERE is a steady demand for thoughtful books that search out the problems of contemporary life. There is also a demand that never wavers for books of pure entertainment for the use of persons who don't want to think about the harassing concerns of the hour, or who have already thought too much, and want change and refreshment for their leisure. Here are four books, all of that order, and each of them excellent. That large group of readers, chiefly of the gentler gender, who have mourned so heartily the death of the author of *The Duchess*, are invited with confidence to help themselves to Miss Arabella Kenealy's *Charming Renée*, and sit down and be happy. An admirable book of its kind; an English story of country and village life, with a fascinating ogre-man in it, who might almost have been borrowed from *Jane Eyre*, with a plot ingenious and adequate, and a great deal of easy, entertaining dialogue. A successful light novel is a considerable boon, and does not happen by accident. There is plenty of sound literary merit in this story. Some of its characters are very well conceived and worked out. Renée herself, a handsome, healthy, well-mannered young woman, is excellent company, even though some of the situations that she is placed in call for greater gifts of vituperation than she possesses. Her mother, pretty, dainty, worldly wise, devoted to small delights, is a remarkably limber and diverting puppet, and perhaps the best-drawn character in the book. It is an excellent book, though not an important one; excellent trash, maybe; but trash has its uses and its merits, and if this is trash it is so by preference of its author, whose choice, rather than her limitations, seems to have determined the character of her work.

Mr. Connor is open to the suspicion of having written novels with a purpose. He seems to have intended to do good by promoting piety, and, as has been noted, he seems to have succeeded. Mr. Charles Frederick Goss, the author of *The Redemption of David Corson*, seems also to have had it in his mind to impart spiritual truths in a work of fiction, but it is by no means the only thing he has had at heart, nor is it quite plain how far this particular desire—if he cherishes it—has been realized. David Corson, like David the son of Jesse, whom the Lord loved, was a person who deviated very seriously from the path of rectitude. Like Mr. Allen's Kentucky hero, his early training was strongly religious and bore early fruits, but there was unruly blood in him, and presently it broke out. The trouble in his case was not a defect of faith which left his righteousness unimpaired, but a crashing descent from grace, which demoralized his righteousness and left his faith to rust out by disuse. If David had been a prudent man of decorous behavior, his need of redemption would not have been obvious enough to warrant a book about it, but Mr. Goss has made a very considerable sinner of him, so that no reasonable person can question his need of being redeemed. It is not certain that Mr. Goss has not overdone the job of accumulating sins for David. He has made him run away with another man's wife, and since that is wrong, and since David at the time he did it had extremely little practice in wrong-doing, he has made it appear as his opinion that if a young man feels an imperative need of carrying off another man's wife, it is the natural, if not the justifiable, thing for him to do.

(*Continued on page 1073.*)

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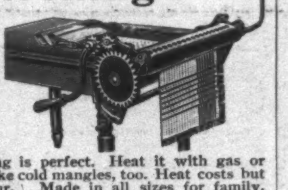

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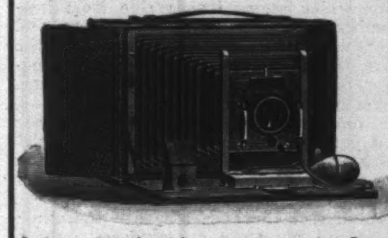

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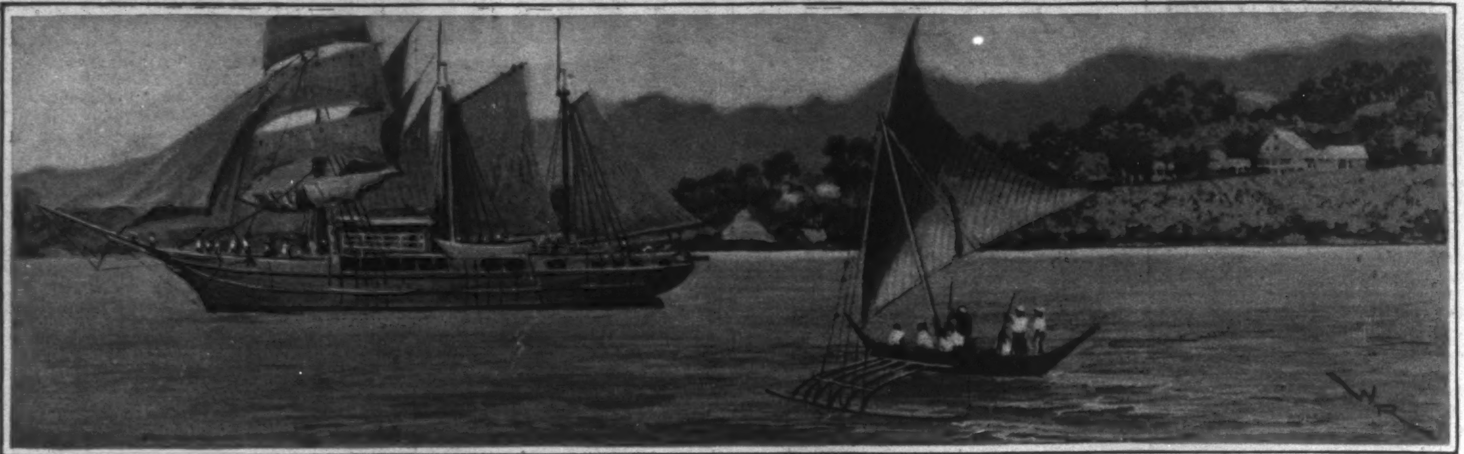


THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

GERMANY'S purchase of the Caroline Islands from Spain had already drawn public attention to this little-known Pacific group, when a suggestion was made to America which is certainly entertaining, though hardly to be entertained. The King and head man of Kusaie, one of the easternmost of the Carolines, sent a petition to Congress, representing that as they had been in intercourse with the American people for forty-seven years—that is, with American missionaries, traders, and whalers—and had, both in this manner and otherwise, acquired a knowledge of our institutions, they wished to be annexed to the United States. It is assumed that the people who expressed this amiable preference did not know that they were about to be acquired by Germany.

The Caroline group includes, besides coral islands, five mountainous islands of basaltic formation, beautiful and fertile with rivers and springs. To the north are the Ladrone Islands, and to the west are the Philippines.

Among the many queer legends of these children of the Pacific, there is none more highly improbable than their theory as to the origin of these islands and their inhabitants. They think they themselves were very strong in the water—in fact, they lived in it. The story goes that a woman and her children were floating around on the reef, when a man appeared from the west with a basket of soil on his shoulders. He had started out to make an island with a mountain on it. One of the children cried out to him, "Give us a little soil to make a place for our mother to rest, for she is very weak and cannot swim." He took out a handful of the earth and threw it down, making an island. As the man was going on his way over the water, the son slyly made a hole in the basket; so, as he proceeded on his way, he left a trail of land behind. Suddenly he became conscious that the basket seemed light, and looking around, he saw the land. In his anger he turned about and trod upon it, and thus the islands were formed.

They look very picturesque as you approach them, with the white shining sands of the beach in the foreground dotted with their queer-looking canoes; then the cocoanut palms, lifting their tufted feathery heads seventy or eighty feet in the air, the long drooping leaves of the pandanus-trees, and the dark, shining foliage of the bread-fruit, while beneath all one can here and there catch glimpses of the thatched huts of the natives.

With a closer inspection, however, the beauty vanishes, and the barrenness and isolation of the island are realized. The heat is intense, and there are heavy languor and lifelessness in the air, which is heavy with the odors of decaying vegetation and the rancid copra, as well as the odor which seems inseparable from heathenism. Narrow paths wind here and there under the trees, and near by are the huts of the natives, more like large dog-kennels than abodes for human beings. Some are thatched roofs, open on all sides, and under these the people live; the floor and furniture—they are all one—consist merely of a coarsely woven mat, on which the people sit, eat, and sleep. On other islands these thatched roofs extend to the ground, and the ends also are thatched; there are no doors or windows, only a small hole at one end, through which the people creep. An average hut would be perhaps four feet high, and here they herd more like apes than like human beings.

The main products of the coral islands are bread-fruit, pandanus, and cocoanuts; on some of the islands there is a coarse plantain, and a poor variety of taro is raised. These things, with fish when they are to be caught, form the entire sustenance of the people the year round. When a man is hungry he has but to climb a tree and gather his food, or he goes fishing; taking his spear in hand, he wades waist-deep into the sea and spears his fish, running through the water and throwing the spear with an accuracy born of long practice; or, with hook and line, he paddles his canoe into deeper waters and catches his dinner. A common mode of killing the smaller fish is by biting off the heads. The natives realize that fish are best when freshly caught, and frequently dispense with the preliminary of cooking, eating them from the hook.

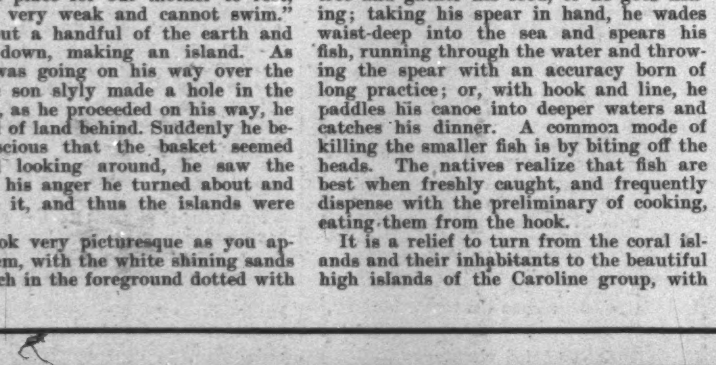
It is a relief to turn from the coral islands and their inhabitants to the beautiful high islands of the Caroline group, with their luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Mountains rise abruptly from the sea, with the bolder peaks and the headlands clad in living green. In the valleys are winding rivers, here gliding gently over sandy beds, there dashing and tumbling tempestuously over high rocks in their musical rushing to the sea. No unsightly emblem of death mars the scene, for every old tree or fallen limb is covered with a mantle of moss, and from it rise ferns, long and drooping, or tall, feathery spikes, while trailing vines lend their willing aid in making it a veritable fairy-land.

In the Caroline group we find peoples of divers tongues and various characteristics. The Kusaians are a gentle folk; it is hard to realize that they too have seized ships and murdered the hapless crews for plunder. At Ponape and through the other high islands of the group are other warlike races, and for the past ten years the Ponapeans have "kept their hands in" on their Spanish oppressors. But by far the worst heathen are found in the western Carolines—men with erect graceful figures, bright eyes, and for the most part rather intelligent faces, but covered from head to foot with a vivid red and yellow paint and cocoanut oil, which is used freely by all the island peoples. Their long black hair is held in a tangled mass on top of the head by a comb of curious make; immense apertures in their ears are filled with ornaments of shell or coral, and they are naked save for a strip of calico or two strips of native cloth thrown over the shoulders.

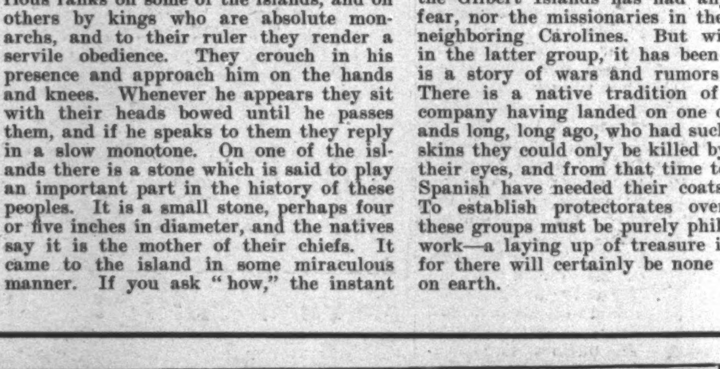
The people are governed by chiefs of various ranks on some of the islands, and on others by kings who are absolute monarchs, and to their ruler they render a servile obedience. They crouch in his presence and approach him on the hands and knees. Whenever he appears they sit with their heads bowed until he passes them, and if he speaks to them they reply in a slow monotone. On one of the islands there is a stone which is said to play an important part in the history of these peoples. It is a small stone, perhaps four or five inches in diameter, and the natives say it is the mother of their chiefs. It came to the island in some miraculous manner. If you ask "how," the instant answer will be, "It brought itself." Some years ago a band of sceptical natives came up from the south and stole the stone, carrying it far out to sea, and throwing it overboard; but before they got rid of it, it wrecked the canoe, killed several of the men, and returned to the island. "If the stone should be destroyed or taken away we would have no chiefs" they say, and they are all very much afraid of it.

They are, as a whole, a superstitious rather than a religious people. They have no idols, but believe hordes of spirits of the departed infest the air, and have to do with their every act. On some of the islands there are sacred trees, the haunt of the spirits, which they fear rather than worship. The natives bring offerings of food and, in these modern days, of tobacco for the spirits; here they bring their sick, and place them in the clearing about the tree. When one dies, the body is placed on mats in the centre of the house, and rubbed with cocoanut oil till the flesh is entirely gone, then the bones are thrown into the sea or kept for future use; from the shin bones of their friends they sometimes fashion the long needles which they use in making mats.

The people are not cannibals, nor is there any proof that they ever have been, though they drink the blood of their enemies slain in battle. "As savage as a South Sea Islander" is a common expression, and doubtless means much. Yet these same South Sea folk have shown themselves kindly disposed to those who go among them with friendly intent. Neither the German Commissair in the Marshall Islands nor the English governor in the Gilbert Islands has had anything to fear, nor the missionaries in these or the neighboring Carolines. But with Spain in the latter group, it has been and still is a story of wars and rumors of wars. There is a native tradition of a boat's company having landed on one of the islands long, long ago, who had such peculiar skins they could only be killed by piercing their eyes, and from that time to this the Spanish have needed their coats of mail. To establish protectorates over any of these groups must be purely philanthropic work—a laying up of treasure in heaven, for there will certainly be none to lay up on earth.



A CHIEF'S HOUSE.



A CAROLINE ISLAND VILLAGE.

(Continued from page 1071.)

He arranges a heredity for David—a pious mother and a rascal father—which helps to explain his warring propensities, but somehow his wickedness does not escape seeming a bit artificial. He does not quite breathe. He is not as much alive as Mr. Goss's itinerant quack, who is a remarkably vigorous and animated figure, and stands out clear and strong in a memory which holds David somewhat vaguely. If Mr. Goss had redeemed the quack it might have been better worth while, for the quack was the better scamp, and it is hard to escape an uncomfortable suspicion that he may have been, or might have made, the better man. Still these are reflections on a good book—a very good *first* novel—by a clergyman who sees life as it presents itself to one whose professional concern is the welfare of souls in the State of Ohio.

Robert Herrick seems to be a thorough modern, and his *The Web of Life* is a somewhat violently modern story of a modern town. The town is Chicago, and a singularly dreary, sordid place he makes it out to be. What any city is to any man depends, of course, as much upon what is inside of the man as upon what the city's limits encompass. Dr. Sommers, a young physician, is the person through whose eyes we see the Chicago that Mr. Herrick offers to us. He is a good man, with a reasonably active conscience, excellent skill in his profession, and not too intense a regard for the conventions that govern contemporary life. How he started out on a career of professional success, and how he put it aside because the conditions of it conflicted with his self-respect and professional aspirations; how he fell in with a worthy family and a nice girl, and missed marrying the girl; how he fell in love with a beautiful woman, the wife of an unworthy man, and what happened when the man died—these are the main incidents of the story.

One cannot say that *Chloris of the Island* sets the mind deeply at work on the problems that underlie human conduct, but as a novel of entertainment it is highly successful. Its time is the time when Napoleon had intentions of invading England. Its scene is a coast village. Its folks are chiefly smugglers—gentleman smugglers, especially; its heroine is feminine raw material of a good quality, and its hero is a person exceeding set in his purposes, who seems to lack capacity to be afraid. We follow him from hazard to hazard, and until we get fully acquainted with him we tremble from page to page for fear something really serious may happen to him. But he plucks the nettle danger day after day with imperturbable unconcern, and lands without much damage on top of every catastrophe. If Stevenson had put a man through such adventures we would have had cold chills and beads of sweat and tremors of apprehension. Not so has Mr. Marriott Watson formed his hero. He has set up a strong man, whose heart beats steadily under all circumstances, and who has substantial grounds for his opinion that the opposed has better cause to beware of him than he to beware of the opposed. And Chloris is as far from the common run of women as the hero is from the common run of men. One would like to meet the descendants of such strenuous and redoubtable ancestors. Does not Mr. Marriott Watson know something of the experiences of the next generation of Warburtons, and won't he please confide them to us?

FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE settlement of the anthracite coal strike was finally effected by the leading companies posting at their mines notices which practically conceded what the miners had asked, but implied no recognition of the union through which the demands had been made. This included a 10 per cent. advance in wages, with a guarantee of continuance until April, 1901, the abolition of the sliding scale, and the reduction of the price of powder to $1 50 a keg. Though some independent operators took no action, the strike was declared off and there was a general resumption of work. The strike was notable for being remarkably free from violence and disorder, considering the number and general character of the men engaged in it. This was the result of the discipline enforced by the union, which showed a wholesome respect for public opinion.

While the United Mine Workers' organization has not been officially recognized, it has been practically extended over the whole anthracite region, and its success in enforcing demands which the miners in some of the districts had previously failed to get their employers to give any heed to is likely to give it considerable power hereafter. The anthracite miners will be included in "organized labor," as they have unquestionably found their advantage in it, and will continue to be allied with the bituminous miners, forming with them one of the most powerful unions in the country. This will tend to force the coal-mining and transportation companies into a closer combination, for if they must maintain a uniformity of labor cost in mining coal, regardless of local conditions, they will have to equalize other matters, including the cost of transportation and the selling price of coal. The tendency will be toward further consolidations, with the absorption of weaker operators, and a closer co-operation of the coal roads. The final result is likely to be a higher and more uniform level of prices for coal, the consumers paying for the additional cost of labor, and the corporations being in a more advantageous position than before.

There is visible improvement at last in the iron and steel industries, though their revival seems to be slow and laborious. There is a small advance in prices for pig and bar iron, and a general hardening all along the line, with more activity at the leading works, and more liberal orders for the products from railroad companies and builders. Probably the political situation has held the reviving movement in check.

The settlement of the coal strike and the more promising condition in the great "basic industries" of iron and steel have somewhat helped the stock-market, through the favorable effect upon railroad prospects. At all events, there have been more activity and a general upward tendency in prices. With few exceptions traffic reports still compare favorably with those of a year ago. Statements are made of shifting control in some of the great lines in the direction of unifying the transcontinental systems. For instance, it is reported that the powers which control the New York Central and its Western connections, including the Union Pacific, are acquiring a dominant interest in the Southern Pacific and forming alliances with the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern and with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with a view not only to the transcontinental traffic, but to the transpacific commerce of the future. Certainly there is a drift toward a unified control, or at least a harmonious management, of all great lines of transportation which are in competition when acting independently. They are working toward profitable, peaceful relations instead of destructive warfare. It will ultimately become a question of unified control by vast corporations in virtual union or by the government, for unfettered competition means mutual slaughter.

The fact that the amount of money drawn from the banks of New York and from the Sub-Treasury to be sent West and South during September and October was much larger than a year ago, in spite of the establishment of many new banks in those sections, affords an indication of continued industrial and business activity, and the same thing is shown in the weekly reports of bank clearings. Their volume has kept well up to last year's level, except in the East. The outflow of money from New York has now practically ceased, and the banks have begun to recover from the drain and to increase their cash reserves, which were reduced to near the legal level. The money-market is one of comparative ease, with the rates for loans little changed, though money on call rules now at 3 to 4 per cent., with occasional spurts upward when a sudden demand comes from the Stock Exchange. Conditions abroad exhibit no special feature, and the international gold movement is stayed for the present, awaiting events. The peace negotiations in China have a hopeful aspect, and at this writing the people of the United States are waiting with calm confidence for the results of the Presidential election.

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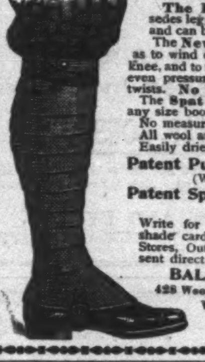

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